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Art. I. *Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the Time of George III. &c.* Third Series. By Henry Lord Brougham. London: Knight & Co.

THERE are natural diseases and physical deformities, so repulsive to the sight, so disgusting, or so shockingly terrific, that most of the persons afflicted with them, very properly, shun the world, and hide in solitude their bodily and mental sufferings. Private and public sympathy conspire to alleviate the evils of their miserable existence, and even more, to procure them all the comforts they can enjoy. Some, however, of these sufferers, without any regard for general susceptibility, we may even say, for common decency, choose to expose their infirmities to the public gaze, the greatest part of them for the purpose of obtaining from the compassion, or extorting from the horror they inspire, a contribution too often denied to more deserving objects; and a few others, without any motive but that of terrifying their fellow-creatures, as if to avenge upon them the awful visitation of Providence. Against the impositions and the extortions of the second class of these unfortunate beings, the laws everywhere protect society; and in England, the tread-mill is the penalty of these speculative or boastful exhibitions.

Unfortunately, there are also moral diseases and deformities, equally and even more offensive to the community. Some affect the mind only, or rather annihilate the mind, and, depriving man of all consciousness, reduce him to the level of domestic or of ferocious animals. Here, again, the law interferes for the protection of the unfortunate patients as well as for that of the community;

public charity opens to them asylums ; where, thanks to the unremitting care, inexhaustible benevolence, and superior abilities of the directors, the light of intelligence frequently rekindles, or where, at least, the sufferings of the inmates are not aggravated by want, insult, and tortures. But, as in physical, so in moral diseases and deformities, there is a second class. It is composed of men, whose minds are depraved without being sensibly impaired ; whose hearts are callous to all kind, honourable, and virtuous feelings ; whose inveterate habits of vice and wrong-doing have so completely obliterated all notion of decency, all sense of shame, that they can no longer distinguish truth from falsehood, right from wrong, or virtue from vice, but even go so far as generally to mistake the one for the other. Nay, more : some of them, the worst of all, take their stand in the highest ranks of society, rave in the senate, bluster in the council of the nation, shine at courts, and everywhere proclaim falsehood to be truth, vice to be virtue, apostacy to be consistency, populicide to be patriotism ; and, while devoting the whole of their energies to blind, corrupt, and enslave mankind, they pretend to be the instructors, the monitors, the benefactors of the human race ! And as there is no sound flogging now, as there was twenty-five years ago, there are no treadmills for these bare-faced incurables in corruption ! So that society is left unprotected against their revolting exhibitions and their satanic propagandism ! !

Such were our reflections after reading the volume before us ; the most complete compound we have ever met with, of all the vile passions that can fill a human breast, and of all the malignant instincts that can derange a man's mind. We have long been prepared for this performance of Henry, now Lord Brougham ; and this is not yet the climax he is doomed to attain ; it is but another stone added to the monumental pillory which he is erecting to himself, and on which he must ere long finish his mischievous career, amidst the scorn of his fellow-men.

The people, so long deceived as to the character of this man, notwithstanding the warnings of one of their best friends, honest Major Cartwright, and of the sincere, though vain, Jeremy Bentham, have at last found out their error, and now despise the trickster who advocated their cause, and declaimed in favour of liberty, only so far and so long as it suited his own purposes, and was conducive to his own elevation. Lord Brougham, therefore, hates the people, from whom he has now nothing to hope and everything to fear ; he is foremost among the enemies of reform, of any extension of electoral privileges, and of freedom in any shape, since all these would enable the people to avenge their wrongs, and to inflict severe but just penalties upon the wrongdoers.



The Whigs, for their party purposes, had the bad taste and the misfortune to introduce Brougham into political life ; to cherish with fostering cheers his parliamentary essays ; to applaud his energetic invectives, which they called eloquence and patriotism ; to place him in the front line of their ranks, in their struggles for power. They had no sooner raised him to office than they had cause to repent and to distrust him ; his blundering, imperious, and meddling disposition, and his vulgarity, made them ashamed of their creation. As a member of the ministry, his double dealings, his violence of temper, and his absurd pretensions, disgusted his own colleagues, who unceremoniously discarded him. Lord Brougham, therefore, hates the Whigs, and, above all, his late co-partners in the ministry.

The public press has mainly been influential in bringing him into notoriety, in over-estimating his abilities, and in establishing his reputation for patriotism. Thanks to the press, and to the press alone, Henry Brougham was the most accomplished scholar, the most complete linguist, the most acute philosopher of his age. Henry Brougham was a profound mathematician : mechanics, engineering, astronomy, had no mysteries to his comprehensive mind. The fine arts, music, and painting, were quite familiar to him ; had he but condescended to enter into rivalry with Rossini or Lawrence, he would have completely eclipsed their fame. Henry Brougham was a light of jurisprudence : the Cicero of the bar, the Demosthenes of the senate. But, above all, Henry Brougham was the uncompromising and undaunted champion of the people. Now that the spirit of the dream is over, and that every one sees him as he really is, and as, if we can believe him, he has always been, the whole of the press is unanimous in branding with infamy the political renegade, in spurning his proffered allegiance, in blazoning his ludicrous antics and his rabid vindications of himself, and in laughing down the demi-god of a former time. Lord Brougham, therefore, holds the press in utter detestation.

After the many examples of apostacy recorded during the last sixty years, the people are no longer disposed to be deceived by the semblance of patriotism, by which the leaders of the two political factions that have so long misruled and plundered the country, have hitherto succeeded in keeping themselves alternately at the head of affairs. The middle and the working classes, now equal in intelligence and education, and frequently superior, to most of the upper and aristocratic classes, and made wiser by a dearly bought experience, no longer lend their confidence and support to the scions or protégés of the nobility, on the pledge of their attachment to popular rights. They rely upon themselves ; they look for champions and for leaders among

themselves; among those who have with them a community of principles, of feelings, and of interests. They trust in them, not for the violence of their language, but for their earnestness in the application of a few political principles, now well understood. The Burdetts, the Lambtons, the Broughams of old, are now replaced by a Cobden, a Bright, a Thompson, and a Sturge, who think, speak, and act like the people, for the sole advantage of the people, and with the unanimous approbation of the people. Of course, while the former were styled patriots, the latter are nothing but demagogues; and Lord Brougham detests demagogues!

Hatred of the people, hatred of the Whigs, hatred of the late ministers, hatred of the press, and hatred of the demagogues, are the five inspiring genii who have dictated this volume; and we cannot wonder, if, written under such inspiration, every page is full of malice, ignorance, misrepresentation, and falsehood; the whole seasoned with the superlative vanity of the author, which, however, does not sufficiently conceal his catch-penny propensities.

The first part of the volume is devoted to the French revolution, and to some of the French revolutionists. For its want of good faith and of truth, it is equal to any essay on the same subject in the *Quarterly Review*, though vastly inferior in knowledge of the matter and in arrangement. Lord Brougham's performance will not materially assist in its designs the oligarchic faction, who, for want of all arguments in favour of their encroachments on the liberties and property of the people, endeavour to place their usurpations under the protection of terror, and threaten universal pillage and revolutionary massacre as the consequence of any attempt, on the part of the people, for the recovery of their rights. Burke succeeded, more than fifty years ago, in playing this game; but the people know that the consequences were an addition of seven hundred millions sterling to the national debt; the death, in battle, of three hundred thousand of their fellow-subjects; the abridgment and suspension of their natural and constitutional rights; and the increase in wealth, authority, and strength of the oligarchy. The people, therefore, will not again be caught in the same trap. DIEU ET MON DROIT is their motto, as well as that of the crown; and, notwithstanding the bloody phantoms raised by daily, monthly, quarterly, or lordly showmen, they are determined to have it as a fact.

The obstinate resistance of the ruling powers to the legitimate demands of the people, has at all times, and everywhere, been the real cause of revolutions. History has unquestionably established this truth. Lord Brougham, however, chooses to

look for other causes of the French revolution. He might have been enlightened on the subject had he condescended to study the 'Collection des mémoires relatifs à la révolution Française;' all of them published by remarkable personages, who took an active part in that revolution; but the result of his investigations would have baffled his purpose. He therefore adopted another plan. He first takes for authorities, on the causes of the French revolution, the Abbé Baruel and M. Mounier. According to Baruel, every thing was exceedingly well regulated in France; and the only causes of the revolution were the philosophers, the encyclopædists, the free-thinkers, the illuminati, and the freemasons. Mounier, on the contrary, maintains that they had no share in bringing about that event; which was, according to this well-meaning, but weak-minded man, the result of comparatively trivial and accidental circumstances, and principally of the derangement of the finances; and of the vacillating conduct of the court and the ministers, after the convocation of the States-General. Having thus selected, among the most despised of the French writers, the two champions of opposite parties, Lord Brougham chooses for umpire, Mr., now Lord Jeffrey, and the decision is to be found in an article of that gentleman's in the *Edinburgh Review*, which our author proclaims the best authority upon the subject.

An honest writer, unless grossly ignorant, as Lord Brougham seems to be, in investigating the causes of the French revolution, would have consulted and mentioned Rabaud St. Etienne, Thouret, Necker, Grégoire, Puisaye, Bertrand de Molleville, Du Mouriez, Mde. de Stael, Gohier, and many others of all parties; but these authors would have led the inquirer to a conclusion which would have defeated the wicked object of the newly-made oligarch. Mignet, whom his lordship calls his honorable friend, and Thiers, both his worthy colleagues in the class of 'sciences, morales, et politiques' of the French Institute, have written histories of the French revolution, which, however one-sided they may be, would have enlightened him a little, if that were possible, after his discovery that 'the peasant felt more vexed at seeing the lord's pigeons trespassing on his crops, without the power of destroying them, than he did from paying a tithe of that crop to the church, and a third to the landlord,' (p. 8,) and that this was a principal cause of the French revolution. No wonder that, after this extraordinary discovery, the prime minister of England, taking the hint, should have resolved to maintain the corn laws, and issued a decree of extermination against the hares.

Lord Brougham explains, with the same sagacity and justice, how the revolution soon assumed a character of violence, con-



stantly increasing, until at last it merged into republican anarchy, pillage, massacre, and civil war. It was, according to him, the influence of the clubs, the weakness of the Constituent Assembly; the resolution, 'unexampled in human folly, that no one of the members of the first assembly should be capable of being elected to the second;' (p. 15;) 'the consequent election of unknown, inexperienced, untried men, who were more subservient to the club of Jacobins, and the mere instruments of a few agitators who had borne sway in the former assembly, and were acting through the mob of Paris;' (p. 17;) then, 'the greatest outrages committed with the money, and under the dictation of the Jacobins, by the affiliated societies, not in the capital at first, but in the south of France, at Nismes;' 'and the assembly, acting under the control of the mother club, did not bring to punishment some atrocious miscreants, whose cannibal ferocity had been proved before it;' (p. 19—20;) \* finally, the establishment of a system of intimidation and terror, the destruction of the monarchy, the imprisonment of the Royal family, and the calling of the National Convention.

The twenty pages devoted by Lord Brougham to the reign of that assembly, are not new to us. We have repeatedly read them in the Quarterly, and in Blackwood's Magazine; and the editors would have had a right to bring an action for piracy against his lordship, had he not so garbled their statements, so coloured their prints, added so many inaccuracies of his own, and filled the whole with such startling contradictions, that, notwithstanding the monopoly they have long enjoyed in misrepresenting and abusing revolutions, they would be ashamed to claim, as their own, the second-hand goods hawked by their new competitor. Lest our readers should believe that we deal unfairly with our author, here are our proofs:—'The party of the Gironde, the earliest to declare for a republic, were all along conscious of their weakness in point of numerical strength, and *the necessity of preserving the majority by strong demonstrations of physical force.*' (p. 20.) 'The Gironde, composed chiefly of deputies from that district, and [who] thence derived their name, were men of respectable characters, *averse, for the most part, to violent proceedings.*' (p. 22.) 'The convention was the governing body of the state; but the number of its members was wholly incompatible with the function of a body which possessed the executive as well as

\* In 1816 and 1817, a man of the name of Froment sued the Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles the Tenth) in the courts of justice of Paris for payment of the sums of money he had expended, by order of His Royal Highness, in provoking those outrages; he afterwards, being nonsuited, dared to petition the Chamber of Deputies to obtain payment. So much for the veracity of Lord Brougham!

the legislative power, and even interfered with the judicial authority. *Hence the want of a vigorous government* (p. 29.) 'A body (the convention) thus composed, and chosen by the nation, which, though acting under the influence of the clubs and the mob, yet gave their confidence to the deputies appointed, *certainly possessed resources and power abundantly sufficient for governing the country with vigour; and it soon showed that these powers were entrusted to able hands.*' (pp. 30, 31.) And thus, in almost every second or third page through this volume, does his lordship say the reverse of what he had said before.

With the unbounded assurance characteristic of Henry Brougham, we are told (p. 35), that they put Custine to death for having surrendered Valenciennes, where Custine never commanded; that they *prevented* a royalist insurrection at Lyons, by destroying a great part of that noble city and massacreing hundreds of its inhabitants, while the insurrection, not a royalist one, had taken place and succeeded; and that it was only after a heroic defence and the surrender of the town, that the vengeance of the convention began. The same accuracy prevails in every part of the volume, in which his lordship appears to have emulated the author of "Random Recollections."

In the middle and at the end of his fanciful miniature picture of the French revolution, our author suddenly turns poetical moralist:—

'Here let us pause,' says he, 'and respectfully giving ear to the warnings of past experience, as whispered by the historic muse, let us calmly revolve in our minds the very important lessons of wisdom and virtue applicable to all times, which these deplorable details are fitted to teach. In the *first* place, they show the danger of neglecting due precautions against the arts and the acts of violent partisans, working upon the public mind, and of permitting them to obtain an ascendant, by despising their power, or trusting to their being overwhelmed and lost in the greater multitude of the peaceable and good.' (p. 24.) 'Secondly, it is not merely the activity of agitation that arms them with force to overpower the bulk of the people; their acts of intimidation are far more effectual than any assiduity and any address. . . . . The tendency of great meetings of the people is twofold: their numbers are always exaggerated, both by the representations of their leaders,\* and by the fears of the bystanders; and the spectacle of force which they exhibit, and the certainty of the mischief which they are capable of doing when excited and resisted by any but the force of troops, scare all who do not belong to them.' . . . . (pp. 25, 26.) 'Lastly, it becomes us to consider how powerful a voice is raised by these facts, in condemnation of the sluggish, the selfish, the pusillanimous conduct of those

\* The Irish demagogues speak of addressing three and four hundred thousand persons in places where the whole population amounts to less than half the numbers.—*Note of Lord Brougham.*

who, by their acquiescence and neutrality, arm a despicable and unprincipled minority with absolute power.' (p. 26.)

The plain meaning of this is, Down with all sorts of political associations! Down with the Repeal Agitation! Down with the Anti-Corn Law League! Down with the Complete Suffrage Union! Down with the Anti-State-Church Conference! Down with all Public Meetings! Down with O'Connell, Cobden and Bright, Sturge and Sharman Crawford. Let all unite against these agitators, crush these demagogues; and every thing is safe; and the mob, the rabble, the people, will quietly lie down at the feet of oligarchy. For oligarchy is great, and Brougham is its prophet!

The salutary lessons proclaimed by the history of the French revolution, when that history is not falsified by mercenary scribblers, by profligate reviewers, by unprincipled lawyers, by apostate politicians, are vastly different. We also have studied that awful event. We have known most, and been familiar with many, of those who took a part, a principal part, in it. There is hardly a book, or even a pamphlet, upon the subject, which we have not read and meditated on during the last thirty-five years; from the mischievous '*Actes des Apôtres*,' by Peltier, to the still more malignant but much less amusing trash of our ex-Radical Chancellor: and our only object in taking up this book was to see the new light which the late demagogue, and friend of JULIEN, would throw upon the matter. We expected but little; we found none.

In opposition to the wilful and dangerous misrepresentations so impudently reproduced, let us rapidly sketch the causes of that revolution and of its deviation into that horrible anarchy, of which the enemies of freedom take so much advantage.

Louis the Fourteenth had carried to the last degree of endurance the exercise of the royal authority, by his wars of ambition, by his contempt for all laws, by his ruinous profusions and exactions; and, above all, by that revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which caused the death, the incarceration, or the exile of six hundred thousand families. Fear and hatred were the only feelings which royal authority thus exercised could inspire.

The same profusion, the same exactions continued during the reign of his successor, with the same contempt for all laws. But the abandoned life of Louis the Fifteenth, his infamous debaucheries, which were emulated by the nobility and the high clergy, changed fear into contempt; and, when he died, royalty was hated and despised. It was during his reign and in allusion to it, that, in one of the chapters of '*L'Esprit des Lois*,' Montesquieu wrote this portentous sentence, '*Le principe de*



la monarchie est detruit, quand l'honneur est mis en contradiction avec les honneurs et quand un homme peut être en même temps chargé de dignités et d'infamie.'

When the death of the profligate monarch left the throne to Louis the Sixteenth, respect for Royalty had long been extinct among the nobility and the higher clergy; and the timid character and bad education of the new king were not at all fitted to rekindle that feeling. Nay, more; the simplicity of his tastes, and the severity of his morals, increased the dislike of a depraved court, which, ranging itself under the banner of his younger brother, a worthy disciple of his grandfather, attempted to ruin the virtue and certainly tarnished the reputation of his unfortunate queen. The whole of Europe saw the head of the Catholic church of France, the cardinal grand almoner, Prince de Rohan, convicted of coveting his royal mistress, and offering for her favors a necklace of the value of 1,800,000 francs. And yet the King durst not inflict any other penalty upon the guilty prelate than his exile from the court. Such was the monarchy of Louis the Sixteenth in 1788. A great revolution, had, indeed taken place. The moral authority of the monarch had been destroyed; but not by agitators, not by demagogues, not by the people.

The governmental authority of the King was not in a much better condition. The ministers he had chosen on ascending the throne, Turgot and Malesherbe had been dismissed at the demand of the queen, instigated by the court; the first, for his economical views and the retrenchments he was making in the public expenditure, and for daring to propose that the nobility and the clergy, who possessed nearly three-fourths of the landed property of the country, should be subjected to the same taxation as the rest of the people; the second, for the reforms which he meditated in the administration of justice, and for his liberal views in religion, his favourable disposition towards the protestants, and the support he gave to the financial system of his patriotic colleague. All the ministers who were successively appointed, were more the subservient instruments of the court, than the councillors of the King. They continued the prodigalities which had already caused a large deficit, by means of loans obtained on exorbitant conditions; and, when they could no longer find capitalists disposed to advance more money, by increasing the existing taxes and by imposing new ones.

Here another difficulty presented itself. The parliaments of the kingdom, which had frequently been insulted and persecuted, even dissolved by the crown, and were now all arrayed against the court, refused to legalize the levy of the new taxes, and encouraged the people to refuse payment of them. Thus was the royal authority set at defiance, and the government

deprived of all means of supporting itself; but still, not by agitation, not by demagogues, not by the people.

An assembly of the notables of the kingdom, a mock representation of the people, was summoned to take into consideration the financial situation of the country; to see what new taxes could be imposed, and to decide upon the propriety of subjecting the nobility and the clergy to the same contributions as all the other citizens. After months of angry discussion the assembly, composed as to the great majority, of nobles and priests, rejected all the proposals; and the government, thus placed in a more precarious condition, after this unsuccessful attempt, and the continued resistance of the parliaments, was obliged to convoke a real representation of the people,—the Estates General of the kingdom.

Hitherto the people had had no share in the revolutionary movements which had taken place. The simple citizens first entered into political life, when called together in their electoral districts, but they carried with them a just dissatisfaction against the pretensions of the two privileged orders, and the resolution of choosing for their representatives none but men determined to claim an equal distribution of the taxes, upon all, according to their property, without excepting any class, and to claim in the laws, and in the administration of the country, all those reforms, the want of which had been acknowledged by the parliaments, and, on many occasions, by the government itself. In almost all the districts, the electors, before separating, delivered in writing, to their deputies, instructions upon all the concessions they wished them to discuss and obtain from the assembly. Most of these instructions were afterwards printed; and there is not one which does not contain expressions of love for the King, and the utmost confidence in his patriotism; or which indicates the least disposition to infringe upon the honours or just privileges of the nobility and clergy. If this moderation, this forbearance, on the part of the people, was gradually changed into distrust, hostility, and deadly hatred, it is not the people whom we must accuse, as we shall soon see.

No sooner was the session opened, than the nobility and the clergy insulted the third estate, and proved their determination to maintain all their abused privileges, by refusing to discuss and deliberate in common on the questions referred to the decision of the Estates General. Pride and avarice were the leading feelings of the two privileged classes. A few among them, and those of the highest rank, formed honourable exceptions, and would have voted with the deputies of the people, and secured a majority in favour of all necessary reforms, had the three estates deliberated in common; but being in a minority in

their respective orders, the majority of the two estates, in favour of the old abuses, would not only have neutralized the decisions of the third estate, but, as two against one, would have been able to impose new burdens upon the nation, and establish new immunities in their own behalf. This was too evident not to be clearly seen by all the deputies of the third estate, and not to induce them to insist upon a deliberation in common of the three orders. They did insist, and were supported in their views by their constituents, to whom they applied, and who, in every part of France, now began to consider the nobles, the prelates, and the priests, as their natural enemies.

The nobles, the prelates, and the priests, found at court a support which they expected would enable them to conquer the obstinacy of the plebeian deputies and of their constituents. Unfortunately, the court prevailed upon the King to side with the privileged classes, and to hold a royal sitting, in which he enjoined the deliberation by orders. The King had hardly retired, followed by the deputies of the nobility and of the clergy, when the deputies of the third estate passed a resolution confirmatory of their own previous proceedings, and remained in the hall, where they continued their operations. At the urgent request of the court and of the queen, who were indignant at this plebeian audacity, the King ordered the grand-master of ceremonies, Dreux Brézé, to repair to the hall, and to order the deputies to quit it instantly. That officer had hardly delivered the royal message, when he was thunderstruck by the reply of Mirabeau: 'Go, and report to your master, that we are here by the will of the people, and will leave only when compelled by force of bayonets.'

Thus royal authority was set at nought by the representatives of the people, as it had previously been, but not on such equitable grounds, by the nobility and the clergy. The miserable expedients which the privileged orders and the court afterwards resorted to, for preventing the meetings of the plebeian deputies, only increased their enthusiasm and zeal, and led to their ever memorable sitting in the tennis-court of the palace, where they proclaimed themselves a national assembly, and swore not to abandon their post until they had secured a constitution, and the liberty of their country. The King and the court, who were not prepared for this display of patriotic energy, finding themselves unable, for the moment, to repress or even to resist this formidable movement, thought it necessary to yield. The deputies of the nobility and of the clergy were ordered to join the deputies of the third estate. The majority refused; but, a small minority having already passed over to the national party,



the rest were finally compelled to submit, and to take their seats in the national assembly.

This is, in some sort, the opening scene of the appalling drama, called *THE FRENCH REVOLUTION*. It is evident that the people and their representatives were not the aggressors, but acted only in self defence against the attacks of their enemies. This was constantly the case in every one of those circumstances so grossly misrepresented by the enemies of freedom, as we are going in brief to show.

The dissolution of the national assembly was resolved upon by the court, at the very same time when the privileged orders were commanded to join the third estate, and as they were determined, as Mirabeau had declared, not to leave but when compelled by bayonets, all the regiments on which the courtiers could rely were assembled in Paris and the neighbourhood. The assembly remonstrated against the gathering around the capital of so many troops, most of them foreign. Their remonstrances were laughed at, and were considered as indications of fear. The courtiers loudly expressed their intentions, and the pleasure they anticipated in soon hanging Mirabeau, Necker, D'Orleans, and a dozen or two more of their enemies. The royalist newspapers and pamphlets of that time prove this fact. When about twenty-five thousand men were assembled, the execution of the plan began by the dismissal and the exile of Necker who, without being the author of, was held responsible for, the convocation of the Estates General. At the news of this event, the people of Paris expressed their indignation, and soon after paraded the street in a procession, headed by men carrying the busts of Necker and of the Duke of Orleans. The Prince of Lambesc, at the head of the regiment Royal Allemand, attacked the defenceless citizens, many of whom were killed, and many more sadly wounded. The rumour of the attack soon spread over the capital, and filled with rage all the inhabitants. Many citizens, hitherto unknown, and among them Camille Desmoulins, entered political life on that day, by haranguing and electrifying the people, calling all the citizens to arms, to vengeance against the court and the aristocracy. On that same evening the courtiers, headed by the Count D'Artois, Prince of Conde, the Duke of Bourbon, and the Polignacs, the minions of the queen, who had expected that Paris soon would be subdued, heard that the people were triumphant, that the Bastile was in ruins, and that all the citizens were determined not to lay down the arms they had seized, but to form themselves into a national guard for their own protection and that of the assembly. And the princes with their sycophants instantly fled to foreign coun-

tries, basely abandoning their sovereign to the vengeance of a people whom they had compelled him to provoke.

In every other city of France, the example of the capital was immediately followed. National guards were established, to resist the attacks of the regular troops, and to support the execution of the decrees of the national assembly, against the joint opposition of the aristocracy and the clergy. Thus, as the unjust, imprudent exercise of royal authority by the sovereign had caused, in the first scene, the ruin of that authority; in the second scene, the appeal of the sovereign to the physical force at his disposal, caused the annihilation of that force, and the creation of another, much superior, for the sole purpose of compelling him and the privileged classes to submit to the sovereign will of the people.

The King, the nobility, and the clergy, then, but too late, perceived, not only that all resistance was useless, but also that the only chance they had of allaying the just hatred of the people, was, not merely to assent to an equality of taxation, which it was no longer in their power to oppose, but voluntarily to abandon all their other feudal and honorary privileges and distinctions, of which, three months before, nobody dreamed of depriving them. It was on the 4th of August, 1789, that dukes and prelates, members of the assembly, proposed the decrees which proclaimed general equality among the French citizens.\* Of course, these decrees were passed unanimously, with the acclamations of the assembly; and the whole of France adopted them with enthusiasm. Concord reigned for a time in the assembly and in the country.

It was not allowed to reign long. The court and the queen prevented the King from sanctioning the last mentioned decrees. The correspondence of the fugitive princes and their followers encouraged them in their blind resistance, by representing all the courts of Europe as indignant at the conduct of the national assembly, and ready to march on a rebel population, to avenge their royal authority insulted in the person of the French King. At the same time they recommended, as a precaution for the safety of the King, who might run some risks in case of an invasion, that he should seize the first opportunity of making his

\* Lord Brougham says, (page 9,) 'Just half a century after these events, I happened to be travelling in a remote district of Provence, when, reposing in the heat of the day under a porch, my eye was attracted by some placards whose letters were preserved by the great dryness of that fine climate, *though they had been there for fifty years*. These papers were *the official promulgation* of the several decrees for secularising the clergy, abolishing the monastic orders, and abrogating all feudal privileges, signed by the several presidents of the assembly, Bureau de Pusy, Camus, and Sieyes." We greatly doubt the accuracy of this statement, and should like to know the place to which his Lordship refers.

escape, and of repairing to a foreign country. This plan was adopted. It was openly spoken of,—boasted of, by the always imprudent courtiers. The time was determined; and, at a festival given at Versailles, when all the arrangements were considered as complete, the court and their minions, excited as much by their hopes as by copious libations, openly proclaimed their hatred against the new order of things, and their approaching vengeance. On the next morning, the whole population of Paris marched on Versailles, and the following day the King was brought prisoner to Paris. Such were the 'Journées d'Octobre,' 1789.

The national assembly endeavoured to soften, and succeeded in calming, the public irritation, and pursued with incomparable activity and dignity, its constitutional labours, without allowing itself to be carried too far in limiting the authority of the monarch by the well known disposition of his council to abuse all the powers left to him, or by the menaces of the fugitives, whose numbers had increased to thousands, and by the hostility of all the sovereigns of Europe, or even by the attempts of the royalists, particularly in the south of France and Brittany, to excite a civil war.\* Even after the flight of the King and his return from Varennes, where he had been arrested, the assembly, which was closing its labours, persisted in these dispositions so favourable to the monarch; and, with Lafayette, risked all their popularity in resisting and punishing those who claimed the deposition of the King. If the legislative assembly did not follow that example, it was not, as Lord Brougham and his wily compeers pretend, owing to the influence of the clubs, but to the conduct of the King himself, to the intrigues of his court, and to the menacing attitude of the emigrants, of their friends in the interior, and of the foreign governments. When the constituent assembly was elected in 1789, love for the King and confidence in his good intentions were the general feeling in the country. They were, to the last, that of the majority of the assembly, in spite of all that the King personally had done to alter their opinion. The second assembly had been elected under the influence of distrust and hostility, and that gave its character to the assembly. Let us remember, that the flight of Louis the Sixteenth took place at the beginning of the general election; that, at the end of May, that flight had been publicly announced in a letter from Coblenz, inserted in the *Moniteur*, and which contained the itinerary he intended to adopt; that, in the beginning of June, the King ordered his minister for foreign affairs to go to the assembly, and to protest in his

\* *Memoires du Comte de Puysaie.*



name, that the project attributed to him was an infamous calumny; that the editor of the *Moniteur* had been threatened with a criminal prosecution for publishing the letter; finally, that, notwithstanding this solemn declaration, it was but a few days afterwards, on the night of the 21st of June, that the King fled. To confide in the King, was now impossible; but this is not all. After the failure of the project, Bouillé wrote a most insolent letter to the assembly, declaring that he himself was the author of the plan, telling them to satiate their vengeance upon him, (he had then fled to Germany,) and threatening to come, in a short time, at the head of the armies of Europe, to punish the rebels and to annihilate Paris. Almost at the same time, the treaty of Pilnitz, for the invasion of France, in the name and on the demand of the French King, was made generally known. Was not all this sufficient to exasperate the people, the electors, and the deputies, without the influence of the clubs?

Yet the legislative assembly, after having at first treated the King with some roughness, began to show less diffidence, as he appeared reconciled to the new order of things; but the intrigues of the court, and new breaches of faith on the part of the King, soon revived the suspicions and the hostility of the assembly and of the nation. The reverses which attended the first military operations after the declaration of war, and which were attributed to the treachery of the generals appointed by the court; and the invasion of the territory by the Duke of Brunswick, preceded by his furious proclamation, with the co-operation of 20,000 emigrants,—caused the insurrection of June, 1792, and that of the 10th of August, which precipitated the misguided King from his tottering throne into a prison, and caused the arrest of all the known partisans of the court. Finally, the surrender of Verdun and Longwi, was the signal of the massacres of September, and of the assembly of the convention.

It is not a justification, it is an explanation of the facts which in the foregoing pages we have attempted; and those of our readers who are in a position to study the matter,\* will find that every one of the catastrophes of that revolution was provoked by its enemies, and that had France been left alone, none of the revolutionary horrors would have taken place. Yet, Lord Brougham cannot see this. He cannot even find an explanation of the decree of the national convention, by which the assis-

\* Among the books which may be consulted, as the most impartial, we can recommend, 'The introduction to the History of the Wars of the French Revolution,' by Stephens, 2 vols. 4to. London: 1803; 'The Memorial Révolutionnaire de la Convention,' by Levasseur. 4 vols. 12mo. Paris: an. 7; 'Dumouriez et la Révolution Française,' by Le Dieu. 1 vol. 8vo. Dupont. Paris: 1826.

tance of France is promised to all people who will rise against their princes, in the fact that, at that very time when the decree was issued, all the frontiers of France had been invaded, and all the princes of Europe had united to subject the people to the despotism which she had overthrown !

The crimes committed during the French revolution, we deplore as much as, nay, more than Lord Brougham, and all those who at the present time seem to take such singular pleasure, not in simply relating, but in magnifying those crimes. We know too well the injury they have done to the cause of freedom, not to lament the advantages they really give to its enemies. We are not of those who, at the reminiscence of that momentous epoch, exclaim with a sort of despair : '*Excedat illa dies.*' On the contrary, we admit, we proclaim the necessity of constantly keeping in view the convulsions of past ages, in order to prevent their return among us, and to avert them from our posterity, by a just appreciation of their causes and of all the concomitant circumstances ; but we cannot repress the disgust and indignation with which we are filled, when we think of the men who pretend to extract, for our benefit, from the history of those times,—history which they frequently falsify,—the lessons of morals and duty which ought to direct our conduct in our present agitated situation. Here is one, who, without any other qualification for public notice than his persuasion of his own superiority, his unsilenceable loquacity, and insatiable ambition, has passed the whole of his life in advocating indifferently right or wrong, truth or falsehood ; who has insulted and defamed in turn kings, ministers, aristocracy, and prelates ; who, himself once a violent agitator, now, while receiving thousands a year from a starving population, turns absolute oligarch, and dares to aim at the people the most abominable calumnies, under the pretence of investigating the French revolution !

We will not follow the author in his remarks,—we ought to say pilferings,—on the French convention. We find in those few pages all that confusion, incoherence, and violence, which we have continually remarked in Lord Brougham. He is wrong in almost every sentence, and it would require a volume, not to set him right,—that were impossible,—but to confute all his errors. We will pass on to the biographical part of the volume. The first of his personages are Robespierre and Danton.

Marat, Robespierre, and Danton, are the three principal characters, and, in some sort, the personification of the second part of the French revolution, as Mirabeau, Bailly, and Lafayette are of the first ; and the circumstances in which they all were placed had a greater influence upon their character, than their character upon those circumstances. During the first epoch,

the object was to vindicate and restore the liberties of the people, and to establish the national will as the law of the land. Those who undertook this task, having on their side reason, justice, and the moral and physical support of the people, could afford to be calm, moderate, and even indulgent towards their opponents; and they had a right to expect, that, by adopting this policy, they would conciliate the majority of the privileged classes to the constitutional system, and to the principles of equality. But, at the second epoch, when not only the hope of conciliation was completely gone, but also the princes, the aristocracy, and the hierarchy had called all the kings and armies of Europe to the defence of their cause, and had marched at their head, threatening the annihilation of the constitution, vengeance upon its authors and supporters, nay, even the partition of the empire, and its subjection to a foreign yoke;—then calmness, moderation, and mercy, were no longer possible. The motto of the invaders and of their friends in the interior was, ‘submission or death,’ and it rendered it compulsory for the people to proclaim, ‘liberty or death.’

Danton, a man of gigantic bodily frame, of undaunted mind, and but little inclined to cruelty, thought that the display of national energy would suffice to conquer both internal and external enemies. ‘Be daring! terrify them!’ ‘*Effrayez les. De l’audace, encore de l’audace, toujours de l’audace;*’ was his advice to the convention. Marat, who, from the very first struggles in the national assembly, had foreseen the war which followed, and had been goaded to a sort of frenzy, by persecutions, some of them not undeserved, proclaimed that three hundred thousand heads ought to be cut off, if the country were to be saved; and, after the death of Marat, Barrère, in justification of the revolutionary executions, said to the convention: *Il n’y a que les morts qui ne reviennent pas\**. But Robespierre was the very last of the leaders of the convention to adopt these violent and merciless doctrines. A man of meditation, of retired habits, of a weak constitution, and without any violent passions, he was not calculated, by the nature of his mind or of his body, for the exertions indispensable to resolve upon, and to direct, a system of extermination; and even when, with the ‘*Montagne,*

\* In October, 1830, we called upon Barrère, who, on his return from exile, had taken apartments in a house, Marché de Jacobins, near the Rue St. Honoré. He well knew that our opinions, publicly expressed, were quite the reverse of those he had advocated. When we entered, we found the old man in his bed, suffering from a severe cold. After a short preliminary conversation, ‘Eh! bien,’ said he, with a voice so weak that we could hardly hear him, ‘n’avais je pas raison de dire qu’il n’y a que les morts qui ne reviennent pas? La France a vu les revenants, pendant 16 ans; voyez ce qu’ils ont fait! Jugez moi comme vous voulez; mais vous me trouvez toujours fidèle aux Jacobins.’



he led the attack against the '*Gironde*,' and carried the proscription of that party, as well as during the whole reign of terror which followed, with a few exceptions, in which he gratified his personal jealousies and animosities, he sanctioned, rather than ordered the arrests, which too frequently were equivalent to a sentence of death.

The biographic sketches of Lord Brougham are but garbled compilations from the biography published by the ultra-royalist, Michaud, with, now and then, some new facts of his Lordship's invention, and his grandiloquent inferences. According to our author,—

'Robespierre had no depth of intellect, no mental force, no firmness of purpose, not a vestige of any such kinds of excellence, and only as much firmness as was consistent with a feeble and cowardly nature.' (p. 51.) In all probability 'his vices had in the peculiar crisis, a chief part in the mastery which he obtained. . . . The perfectly unscrupulous nature of his mind, the total want of all kindly or gentle feelings, the destitution of even common humanity, enabled him to satiate that thirst, first of destruction, then of fame, which swiftly became a fiercer thirst of power.' (p. 52.) 'The frame of his mind was eminently fitted for sustaining, as well as devising, the part which he played. From his earliest years he had never been known to indulge in the frolics, or evince the gaiety of youth. Gloomy, solitary, austere, intent upon his work, careless of relaxation, averse to amusement, without a confidant, a friend, or even companion, it is recorded of him, that, at the College of Louis le Grand, where he was educated with Camille, Fréron, and Lebrun, he was never seen once to smile,' &c., &c. (p. 53.) 'With these defects, and that entire want of generous or kindly, or even ordinarily human feelings, he possessed some *qualities* which mainly contributed to his elevation, &c. His thirst, first of distinction to gratify his *inordinate* vanity, and then of power, to feed the ambition that had grown up in so rank and poor a soil, was *inordinate*.' (p. 54.)

Such is the character of Robespierre, as given by Lord Brougham.

Our readers will have observed how irreconcilable are the statements we have quoted, and they will not easily conceive how a man of such studious habits, of such constant application, could be without mental force, without depth of intellect; but we can assure them, upon much better authority than that of Lord Brougham, that the foregoing picture is not Robespierre. He began his studies at the college St. Vaast, of Douay, a dependency of the abbey of St. Vaast, at Arras. His success in this college won for him a scholarship founded in the college Louis le Grand, at Paris, by the same abbey. There he remained, not only until he had terminated his classical studies, but also, on account of his successes and of his good conduct, during the course of his legal studies. We have heard upon the subject,

his professor of rhetoric, M. Noel, since general inspector of the university, and many of his school-fellows; amongst others, M. De la Place, then professor of eloquence at the Academy of Paris,—Abbé Morel, until lately the grand vicar of the Bishop of Arras,—and M. Bachelard, a barrister of the Royal Court of Paris; and all of them, though of different parties, spoke of Roberspierre's success in his studies, and of the mildness of his disposition, as having won for him the regard of all, notwithstanding his moroseness.

As to his vices, Lord Brougham himself tells us that 'Roberspierre was no drunkard, that he never was known to partake of any sensual indulgence, that he spurned all ordinary pleasures, that he had no avarice, and that it would have been as hard to bribe him from his path, with money, as to make him compromise his principles, or assumed principles, for place.' (p. 56.) What, then, were his vices? But this is one of the many instances in which Lord Brougham contradicts himself. We read, (p. 61,) 'We are not left to conjecture on his powers as a speaker, and even as a debater. Inferior he certainly was to the greatest who appeared during the French revolution, as Mirabaud, Barnave his successor, and Vergniaud, perhaps the highest of the three; but we have abundant proofs of his coming very near them, at least in effective declamation, and proof that, in readiness, he was not easily surpassed.' After quoting two passages in Roberspierre's speeches, his Lordship adds: 'No one at all acquainted with the rhetorical art can deny to these passages merits of the highest order. . . . The speaker who thus delivered himself, was plainly gifted with extraordinary eloquence,' &c. (p. 64.) Finally, after another extract from the speech of Roberspierre of the 8th of Thermidor, our author ends his laudatory observations with this sentence: 'His great eminence as a speaker and an occasional writer stand entirely indisputable.' (p. 66.) And this of a man of 'no mental force,' of 'no depth of intellect,' of 'no firmness of purpose,' of 'not a vestige of any kind of excellence.' And in other parts of this notice we are told with the same sort of consistency, that this man, 'destitute of, common honesty,' seriously injured his power by his indulgence, and that it hastened his downfall. (p. 54.)

Danton is rather a favourite of our author:—

'His nature was dauntless, his temper mild and frank, his disposition sociable; naturally rather kind and merciful. . . . His natural endowments were great for any part in public life, whether at the bar or in the senate, or even in war: for the part of a revolutionary leader, they were of the highest order. A courage which nothing could quell; a quickness of perception, at once and clearly to perceive his own opportunity, and his adversary's error; singular fertility of resources, with the power of

sudden change in his course, and adaptation to varied circumstances; a natural eloquence, springing from the true source of all eloquence—warm feelings, fruitful imagination, powerful reason, the qualities that distinguish it from mere rhetoricians' art; but an eloquence, hardy, caustic, masculine; a mighty frame of body, a voice overpowering all resistance; these were the qualities which Danton brought to the prodigious struggle in which he was engaged.' (p. 73, 74.)

In a note, (p. 75,) his lordship says, 'In a former volume I had expressed myself respecting Danton, with a harshness which a more minute study of his conduct and character makes me regret.' From this, we were inclined to infer, that our author, satisfied with contradicting what he had said in a preceding volume, would surely not contradict himself in the same notice. We expected, however, too much. We see that the mild temper of Danton did not prevent him from allowing the dreadful massacres of September, though he could have stopped them, as minister of justice, (p. 79,) and from establishing the revolutionary tribunals, for 'the erecting of which he asked pardon of God and man,' (p. 82,) though he had no belief in God; since, on his interrogatory by that same tribunal, he answered to the first question, '*Je m'appelle Danton; mon séjour sera bientôt la néant; mon nom vivra dans le pantheon de l'histoire.*' (p. 80.) Then we read, that the man of 'a dauntless nature, whose courage nothing could quell, was forsaken by his habitual boldness, by his quickness of perception;' (p. 81;) that 'his supineness in providing for his safety by attacking the committee first, must have proceeded from the ascendant which the triumvirate had gained over his mind;' (p. 83;) that 'his fear of a conflict with Robespierre made him distrustful of himself, and that his hesitation enabled his adversaries to begin the mortal fray, and win the last victory.' (p. 84.)

The real cause of the quarrel between Robespierre and Danton, who had so long acted in concert, has never been publicly and clearly explained. Carnot, Grégoire, Garat, Second, Merlin de Thionville, and Merlin de Douay, Barrère, Tallien, and Barras, whom, in former days, we consulted upon the subject, could not satisfactorily account for the deadly hostility which, almost on a sudden, succeeded to their union. In 1827, we became acquainted with a brother-in-law of Danton, M. Lerouge, a modest and mild gentleman, who, although a sincere republican, had never had any share in the horrid transactions of those times; and with Laignelot, a member of the convention, and the most intimate friend of Robespierre. We seized the opportunity for pursuing our inquiries. Both related to us the same fact. Danton, being told of some severe remarks made by Robespierre upon the laxity of his morals and his sensuality, re-



joined by a most gross insinuation. *Inde iræ.* The memoirs left by these two gentlemen at their death, would have thrown, some light upon this epoch; but the son of the former was employed in the ministry of the interior; and Colonel Laignelot, the son of the second, was attached to the ministry of war; and the memoirs were suppressed.

In the short notice upon Camille Desmoulins and St. Just, Lord Brougham displays his ignorance, more than in any other part of his work. St. Just was nothing but a fanatic, whose youth, ignorance, presumption, and violence, were his only titles to the confidence of the Montagnards; as his unbounded admiration for Robespierre, as well as his intimacy with the younger brother of the dictator, placed him, in some sort, foremost among his familiars; an advantage which of course he frequently abused, so as to commit his leader, who, on many occasions, said to Laignelot, '*Arrêtez, donc, cet extravagant.*' As to Camille Desmoulins, the very first who proclaimed his republican opinions, he never was 'a trusty and devoted follower of Danton, as St. Just was of Robespierre.' (p. 87.) Camille never was the follower but of his own conscience, acting at times with Robespierre or Danton; at other times, in opposition to one or the other, or to both, according to his opinion of the utility or the justice of their measures. Thus, at the time of the trial of Louis the Sixteenth, he joined the Gironde, and that part of the assembly which demanded that the sentence should be submitted to the ratification of the people. He emulated Lanjuinais, in courage and in humanity; and, when the former had been torn from the tribune, by the most violent of the Montagnards, amidst the vociferations of the rest, the noble-minded Camille rose to renew the attempt, in spite of Robespierre, Danton, and Marat; and, after reproaching the assembly with their usurpations and confusion of all legislative, administrative, and judiciary powers, he concluded in these words:—'I leave you. I abdicate my portion of that tyranny which you arrogate to yourselves, and in which I will not share.' From that time, his doom was sealed; the Montagnards and Robespierre could not forgive him.

Danton, after marching at the head of the Montagnards, and directing their atrocious proceedings, felt, on a sudden, the want of relaxation from the excitement, which shook even his herculean organization; he repaired to his birth-place, Arcis sur Aube, where the confidential tears of some of his former friends fell upon his heart, and softened its obduracy. On his return to Paris, he was another man. He adopted the views of Camille, so well expounded in the hemistich of Laya,—*Des lois, et non du sang.* But it was too late; and their tardy community in principles only led them to a community in death. They were not

heard in their own defence, and were condemned without evidence.

Lord Brougham, the flatterer of the King of the French, after mentioning this fact and a few others, makes the following observation:—‘That no such scenes could now be renewed in France, we may very safely venture to affirm, though much mischief might still be wrought by undue popular excitement.’ (p. 101.) Have we not seen, in 1834, a French tribunal trying the pretended authors and abettors of an insurrection concocted by the police, refusing to listen to the prisoners, to admit evidence, to hear their counsel, sentencing two of those counsel to prison, in order to silence the others; finally, trying the accused parties in their absence, and condemning them unheard? And this ‘mischief’ was not ‘wrought by undue popular excitement,’ by a revolutionary tribunal, but by the French house of peers! But peers have the privilege of trying the mob, the rabble, the people, as they think proper.

In the same page Lord Brougham says, that ‘such scenes could not take place in this country.’

‘But he adds, (p. 102,)

‘It is impossible to say the same thing of all parts of our people. It would be most false to assert, for example, that the Irish people are safe from such influence. On the contrary, they manifestly do not think and judge for themselves. . . . They leave to others, their spiritual and their political guides, the task of forming their opinions for them. . . . They never are suspicious of a person’s motives, merely because they see he has an interest in deceiving them. . . . They may be deceived by the same person nine times in succession, and they believe him just as implicitly the tenth; nay, were he to confess that he has wilfully deceived them to suit a purpose of his own, they would consider this a proof of his honesty, and lend an ear if possible more readily to his next imposture. . . . But such a people . . . would easily be moved to witness, and to suffer the grossest violations of justice, would let themselves be hallooed on to the attack of their best friends by any wily impostor that might have gained their confidence, and would suffer men as base and as execrable as Marat to usurp the honours of the Pantheon.’

After these malignant accusations, come three pages on Marat, whom ‘Danton most unaccountably and preposterously called the Divine Marat, boasting after his assassination, of having long before given him that very absurd appellation.’ (p. 109.)

Sieyes and Fouché are the last of the notices on the French revolutionists. Lord Brougham makes a great man, a very great man, of the first, for the evident purpose of showing, that, however great, he was nothing comparable to Henry Brougham. (p. 116.) The titles of Sieyes to his renown are—three pamphlets, one

very smart : ‘ *Qu’est-ce-que le-tiers-Etat ?* ’ published in 1789 ; only seven or eight sentences which he uttered, on as many occasions, in the assembly, and which had some point ; and, lastly, his general muteness, which, by many, was considered as proof of his superiority,—an opinion which he carefully cultivated, and with such success that, a member of the Convention once urged him to expound his views, declaring that ‘ his silence was a public calamity.’ We sincerely wish Lord Brougham had ever deserved such a compliment. It is not true that Sieyes originated the three grand measures of the revolution, ‘ the joint verification of the powers, the formation of the national guards, and the new system of provincial division and administration.’ (p. 112.) But enough upon this subject.

The notice upon Fouché is, we are told, from the pen of Lord Stanhope. We protest that we supposed it to be an extract from Mrs. Trollope. It is utterly beneath our notice.

This first part of the book closes with some more reflections upon the revolution and the revolutionists, whom the noble author has passed in review. One of these reflections deserves to be quoted. ‘ The portion of history which we have been examining, reads an impressive lesson. No one, endowed with even an ordinary share of prudence, can be extravagant enough to prefer the twelve months’ possession of power which the decemvirs obtained, as the price of all their struggles, their perils, and their crimes, to the fortune which, slowly gained, would have been long and securely possessed under a regular government.’ (p. 128.) In plain English, this means : Those French revolutionists were great fools ! Had they been unambitious, temperate, kind, honest, consistent, and loyal like myself, they might have retired on a pension of five thousand a-year, as I did. Therefore, people of England, you have got all you can wish for ; be quiet and contented !

The second part of the volume is quite in keeping with the first. Though the subject be different, the object is the same ; and the British statesmen are but pegs on which his lordship hangs his rigmaroles on the licentiousness of the press, on agitators, on demagogues, on revolutions, and on his late colleagues. John, fourth Duke of Bedford, opens the march.

‘ The purpose of the following observations is to rescue the memory of an able, an amiable, and an honourable man, long engaged in the public service, both as a minister, a negociator, and a viceroy, long filling, like all his illustrious house, in every age of our history, [quære ?] an exalted place among the champions of our free constitution,—from the obloquy with which a licentious press loaded him when living, and from which it is in every way discreditable to British justice, that few, if any attempts have, since his death, been made to counteract the effects of calumny audaciously invented, and repeated till its work of defama-



tion was done and the falsehood of the hour became confounded with historical fact. Besides the satisfaction of contributing to frustrate injustice and deprive malice of its prey, there is this benefit to be derived from the inquiry upon which I am going to enter. We shall be enabled to test the claims of a noted slanderer to public confidence, and to ascertain how little he is worthy of credit in his assaults upon other reputations. *But we shall also be enabled to estimate the value of the class to which he belongs, the body of unknown defamers, who, lurking in concealment, bound by no tie of honour, influenced by no regard for public opinion, feeling no sense of shame, their motives wholly inscrutable, gratifying, it may be, some paltry personal spite, or actuated by some motive too sordid to be avowed by the most callous of human beings, vent their calumnies against men whose lives are before the world, who in vain would grapple with the nameless mob of their slanderers, but who, did they only know the hand from whence the blow is levelled, would very possibly require no other defence than at once to name their accuser. That the efforts of this despicable race have sometimes prevailed against truth and justice; that the public, in order to indulge their appetite for abuse of eminent men, have suffered the oft-repeated lie to pass current without sifting its value; and have believed what was boldly asserted, with the hardly credible folly of confounding with the courage of truth the cheap daring of concealed calumniators, cannot be doubted.*' (pp. 133-134.)

Our object in giving this quotation, is to assist his lordship in exposing to the public gaze the tortures which he endures, and in acquainting the public press, so unanimous in inflicting the lash on an unfortunate victim, with the revenge he has taken of their 'foul slander and unscrupulous calumnies.' It is clear that the Duke of Bedford is less the real object of Lord Brougham, than the modern Junius, called WE, who take such unpardonable liberties with his lordship; for nobody now cares whether the Duke of Bedford was or was not a betrayer of his trust as a negociator; an avaricious man, a bad father, and a coward; and, if any one did care about the complete exculpation of his Grace, upon these four points, the special pleading of Lord Brougham would not at all gratify his desires. But in every one of the twenty-two pages apparently consecrated to this object, we have a repetition of some part of the complimentary reflections upon the press with which he began, and which we have given *in extenso*.

The notice on Lord Camden is, in some sort, an introduction to a notice on John Wilkes, and to a dissertation on 'Demagogue Arts.' In the foregoing pages, we have constantly had occasion to point out the inconsistency and the contradictions of our author; but, in his sketch of Lord Camden, he goes much further—indeed, beyond all we could expect from Lord Brougham himself. Let our readers judge.

\* Among the names that adorn the legal profession, there are few

which stand so high as that of Lord Camden. His reputation as a lawyer could not have gained this place for him; even as a judge, he would not have commanded such distinction; though, on the bench, he greatly increased the fame which he brought from the bar; but in the senate he had no professional superior.' (p. 156.) After waiting in vain for nine years the arrival of clients, he was on the point of retiring from Westminster Hall, when the accidental illness of his leader 'threw upon Mr. Pratt the conduct of the cause: and his great eloquence, and his far more important qualifications of legal knowledge, and practical expertness in the management of business, at once opened for him the way to a brilliant fortune.' (p. 157.) 'Of his forensic talents no records remain beyond a general impression of the accuracy which he showed as a lawyer, though not of the most profound description; *par negotiis, neque supra.*' (p. 158.) 'In 1749, when in his forty-sixth year, he had been chosen to represent the borough of Downton, but during his short experience of the House of Commons, he appears not to have gained any distinction.' (p. 158.) 'He was, however, fully more eminent in the senate than in the forum. He brought into parliament a high professional reputation.' (p. 165.)

After these instances of the thoughtlessness, and of the utter aberration of Lord Brougham's mind, we need not care much about his opinion on Lord Camden. Fortunately for the memory of that upright judge and constitutional minister, he has left behind him official and private acts which protect his name even against the injurious praise of our author.

We will say nothing of the notice upon Wilkes, except that it is just such a malignant, and in many parts, false representation of that man, as might be expected. Lord Brougham's object in this performance is to attack another gentleman, much more odious to his lordship, as we conclude from the following extract:—

'Never man more pandered to the appetites of the mob than Wilkes; never political pimp gave more uniform contentment to his employers. Having the moral and sturdy English, and not the voluble and versatile Irish, to deal with, he durst not do or say as he chose himself; but was compelled to follow, that he might seem to lead, or at least to go two steps with his followers, that he might get them to go three with him. He dared not deceive them grossly, clumsily, openly, impudently—*dared not tell them opposite stories in the same breath*—give them one advice to-day and the contrary to-morrow—pledge himself to a dozen things, at one and at the same time; then come before them, with every one pledge unredeemed, and ask their voices and their money too, on the credit of as many more pledges, for the succeeding half year.' (p. 193.)

In his sketches on demagogue arts, Lord Brougham inveighs against the base adulation of the people, more base than the adulation of kings; against the treachery of candidates for popular favour, in making violent speeches to pander

to the passions of the mob, and yet, frequently afterwards, when they have gained their point, turn round against their late friends and associates, and proclaim contrary principles. Nobody knows this better than Lord Brougham himself; and, had he condescended to favour the public with the results of his own experience, the short chapter upon the subject would have swollen into a large volume. If his memory fails him, we can come to his assistance.\*

Our remarks upon this volume have already extended beyond the limits we had imposed upon ourselves, and certainly beyond the importance of the work. Had it been the production of an unknown author, nobody would have condescended to notice it; and, for our own part, after reading the first twenty or thirty pages, we would fain have cast away the book with the disgust which it inspired. But when a man of the social rank of Lord Brougham, relying upon his undeserved elevation, and upon the gullibility of a certain class of the public, dares to publish such a mass of misrepresentations, and contradictions, to gratify his wounded vanity, his vindictive instincts, or his sordid interests; it is a public duty to signalize his wickedness, and ignorance. This we have, we suppose, sufficiently done, without pursuing any further our review and our criticism. The notices on Lord Ellenborough, on Lord Chief Justice Bushe, on Jefferson and the American democracy, on the Marquess Wellesley, and on Lord Holland, have all the same purpose and the same character of selfishness, and incoherence, that mark the preceding ones; and we should but repeat ourselves, when constantly meeting with the same mis-statements, the same hatreds, and the same contradictions.

Yet our task would not be completely fulfilled—the whole of our case would not be clearly made out, if we silently passed over the notice on Sir Robert Walpole, in the appendix. We entreat our readers to read with the utmost attention the following extracts:—

‘Few men have ever reached and maintained for so many years the highest station which the citizen of a free state can hold, who have enjoyed more power than Sir Robert Walpole, and have left behind them less just cause of blame, or more monuments of the wisdom and virtue for which his country has to thank him.’ (p. 349.)

‘He was sent to the Tower upon an accusation of having received £900 from a contractor; was expelled the House of Commons; and on being re-elected in the same parliament was declared ineligible by a majority of the House.’ (p. 354.)

\* We may, by and by, give our readers a supplement to the work of Lord Brougham, under the title of ‘Life of a Statesman of the reigns of George the Third, George the Fourth, William the Fourth, and Victoria the First.’



'When he quitted office, a charge of a different complexion, though connected with pecuniary malversations, was made against the veteran statesman. A sum of between £17,000 and £18,000 had been received by him upon two Treasury orders, two days before he resigned; and, to raise the money before the Exchequer forms could be gone through, they were pawned with the officer of the bank. Now, Walpole never would give a detailed explanation of this transaction, but began to draw up a vindication of himself, alleging that the money was taken with the King's approbation, for the public service. . . . . The reason for his desisting from the completion of the paper is, that he must either leave it incomplete, or betray the secret of the crown.' (pp. 355, 356.)

'The general charge of peculation, grounded on the comparison of his expenditure with his means, appears more difficult to meet. With a fortune originally of about two thousand a-year, and which never rose to more than double that amount, he lived with a profusion amounting to extravagance; insomuch, that one of his yearly meetings at Houghton, 'the Congress,' as it was called, in autumn, and which lasted six or eight weeks, cost him three thousand a-year. His buildings and purchases were estimated at £200,000, and to this must be added £40,000 for pictures. Now, it is true, that for many years, he had his own official income of £3,000, with £2,000 more of a sinecure, and his family had between £3,000 and £4,000 more in places of like description. Still, if the expensive style of his living be considered, and that his income was, at the very outside, only £12,000 clear, including the places of his sons, it is quite impossible to understand how above £200,000, or nearly twice the average value of his whole private property, could have been accumulated by savings. . . . . On the whole, we must be content to admit that some cloud hangs over this part of his history; and that the generally prevailing attacks against him in this quarter have not been so successfully repulsed.' (pp. 356, 357.)

'It has been much more generally believed that he carried on the government with a profuse application of the influence derived from patronage; and that the most open bribery entered largely into his plan of parliamentary management. That in those days the men were far less pure who filled the highest places in the state, and that parliamentary, as well as ministerial virtue, was pitched upon a lower scale than it happily has been, since a prying and a fearless press, and a watchful people scrutinize the conduct of all persons in any situation of trust, may be at once admitted. It may be further granted that the period of Walpole's power was one likely to introduce extraordinary forces into the political system, since the stake was not always a ministry alone but oftentimes a crown. When such is the game, measures are readily resorted to, which in ordinary measures or matches of politicians would be reluctantly, if at all adopted,' (pp. 357, 358.)

After a justification of this corruption, Lord Brougham continues—

'Having cleared away the ground from the entanglements with which *contemporary prejudices* and interests had encumbered it, we may now

the more distinctly perceive the merits of this great statesman ; and we shall easily admit that he was one of the ablest, wisest, safest rulers who ever bore sway in this country.' (p. 362.) 'A better or more successful minister could not preside over any country in times of peace.' (p. 363.) 'We have to thank his *wise and virtuous* policy, . . . . steadfast in desiring peace.' (p. 364.)

'With his merits, however, were joined defects or weaknesses which broke in somewhat upon the respect that severe judges require a great statesman to be compassed with round about. His mirth was somewhat free, and apt to be coarse. . . . He regarded not the decorum which sober habits sustain ; and he followed, in respect of convivial enjoyments, rather the fashion of his own day than of ours. He indulged too in gallantry, more than beseemed either his station or his years ; and he had . . . . the weakness of affecting to be less strictly virtuous in this respect than he was, and considerably more successful in his pursuit of such recreations.' (p. 373.)

'To hold up such men as Walpole, in the face of the world, as the model of a wise, a safe, an honest ruler, becomes the most sacred duty of the impartial historian.' (p. 377.)

Thus, at last, we have the notions of honour, honesty, wisdom, virtue, entertained by Henry Lord Brougham, *Member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences of the Institute of France!* We have them under his own hand ! He considers it as a duty, to hold up to the admiration of all statesmen, to present as the model of an honest, wise, and virtuous minister, the man who, on his own showing, was dishonest ; who enriched himself by extortions and peculations ; who ruled by bribery and corruption ; a man of dissolute habits ; coarse in his manners ; a libertine, who prided himself in his seductions, and even dishonoured, by his mendacious boasts, the women who had resisted his corrupting artifices ! A writer who dares to offer such an outrage to the morality of our country is, as Lord Brougham in his book has said of others, callous to all virtuous feeling, and dead to all sense of shame.\*

One word more. This volume is dedicated to Monsieur Guizot, 'in token of the great respect of the author.' This is right. M. Guizot, the book, and the author, are all worthy of each other.

\* Lord Brougham, in his notice of Walpole, p. 363, after representing him as qualified in the highest degree 'to guide the course of human affairs,' &c., says in a note, 'It is gratifying to me that I can conscientiously rank Lord Melbourne among those to whom this description applies in most of its essential points. His faults belong to others ; his merits are his own.'

Will it be equally gratifying to Lord Melbourne to be thus assimilated to the profligate Walpole ? Will he not plainly see, in this, the rancorous malice of his right honourable friend ? For our own part, were we in the situation of the Viscount, we should be disposed to bring an action for defamation against the noble libeller.

Art. II. *The Anglican Church in the Nineteenth Century: indicating her relative position to Dissent in every form; and presenting a clear and unprejudiced view of Puseyism and orthodoxy. Translated from the German of F. Uhden.* By W. C. C. Humphreys, Esq. 8vo. pp. 248. London: Hatchard.

WHEN really well executed, there are few works which we may read with greater profit—though not always with equal pleasure—than those which contain an intelligent foreigner's estimate of our country. The well known lines of Burns are as applicable to nations as to individuals:

‘O wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as others see us;’

for the distortions of vanity and self-love are almost as great and as ludicrous in the one case as the other, and, we may add, corrected with far greater difficulty in the former than in the latter. It is well, therefore, now and then to sit to a foreign artist, to get some one out of the sphere of our home-born sympathies and prejudices to make a study of us and faithfully tell us the result. In spite of some ludicrous inaccuracies and unavoidable deficiencies, a statement of this nature can hardly be read without profit. Though it may tell us no facts but what we knew before, and even far more intimately than does the writer—though it may omit to tell us as many more which *we* know and which he knows not,—though in many points erroneous, and in others superficial,—it is likely to repay us by the novel lights in which familiar objects are presented, and by dissolving, for a moment the continuity of old and inveterate prejudices. We attain, with the impartial foreigner, a point of view exterior to the whole system of thought and feeling in which we habitually move, and learn at least in some measure, ‘to see oursels as others see us.’

But it must be confessed that the task demands qualifications of no ordinary kind; of which, impartiality is not the least important. Without this, (possessed at least in good measure,) the foreigner may interpose as many prejudices of his own as he would correct in us, and cloud the whole subject with as thick a haze as that in which we were already enveloped. The mirror, instead of presenting a true reflexion, will resemble those perverse ‘looking-glasses of Smyrna,’ to which Jeremy Taylor alludes in his ‘Discourses on Scandal,’ and ‘which had the property of shewing the fairest faces as ugly and crooked.’ To impartiality, the writer must add competent



knowledge of the subjects of which he has undertaken to treat ; and how difficult it is to attain this during a brief residence in a foreign country, where he has to learn everything through an imperfect medium, where the objects to be studied are all novel, and their relations at the same time most complicated,—we need not say. Hence the strong dissatisfaction with their foreign critics, which nations and communities, subjected to this ordeal, have so generally expressed.

How far the author of the little work which stands at the head of this article, and which professes to treat of England under one aspect exclusively, (but that the most important,) may have succeeded in his arduous task of giving an intelligent account of the present state of religious parties amongst us—we find it extremely difficult to form an exact judgment. We have not seen the *original* work—and though it is evident, even from the present translation, that it is the composition of a fair and impartial mind, and evinces a laudable and truly German diligence in the collection and arrangement of facts—we desiderate a much greater degree of clearness than we can honestly concede to the volume before us. How far the defects are to be attributed to the original and how far to the translation, we cannot, in the absence of the former, decide. That the work is far from being well translated, is but too evident ; but in many places we fear that the true German love of mysticism, of tracing profound analogies and ‘developing’ occult relations, of generalizing on insufficient data, and of speaking even of plain things in very unintelligible language, has had much to do with the obscurity to be found in those portions of the work which were obviously intended as the more philosophical. In such sentences as the following, we find it difficult to trace any intelligible meaning ; but whether the fault be more that of the author or the translator, we decline stating, for the reason already assigned. Probably in the greater number of cases we shall not err in equitably dividing the blame between them ; while in others, the translator is evidently alone in fault.—‘The activity of freedom of mind amongst the reformers must have operated on the teachers in the church in conjunction with the German desire to learn, in order to understand that all points of theology were sought after and handled ; this very knowledge, when she was first advancing, settling, and assuring herself, notwithstanding the elements retained by her elasticity, has certainly split on the very main point of her existence.’ (p. 30.) ‘It was against such a neglect and departure from the principles of the German reformation that the Pietests and Hernnhutters directed their efforts. Meanwhile, these opinions did not lead to a dissent or a separation, as in England ; the

difference shewed itself in the subjectivity conquering, and the contest receded into the strong anti-pelagianism of the universal character, and into the endeavour to adopt and carry through all God's ordinances.' (pp. 30, 31.) 'It may be imputed to the puritanic movement, that it demanded a certain one-sidedness in spiritual, mental, scientific and artistic comprehension, in the contemplation of life, to the exclusion of other individual and national phenomena.' (p. 37.) 'The religious instruction of youth being, by the way, in a country situated like England, a question not easy to decide, at least as far as *not scholastic education bears upon it.*' (p. 118.) 'This would be the place in which to consider more clearly that peculiar trait of the English character—viz., the annoyance experienced by an Englishman at being placed among peculiarities foreign to him; yet this is only the result of the prevailing organization-talent, or rather the fault natural to those endowed with it. The defect is overcome when it is announced, that a little application to their misunderstanding of foreign peculiarities would act as a check to the whole. This extends itself to colonization, particularly in more recent times. But then it is only leaving foreign peculiarities to themselves, not abusing or attacking them.' (p. 40.) 'We cannot ascribe to Englishmen in general the talent required to enter into the necessities morale of a foreign individuality.' (p. 142.) 'One essential trait in the English morale is, their demand in all matters of change for justifying authority; but ignorance or deficiency of perception evinced all the influence of publications on religion at once, the same being the case with political writings, under similar circumstances.' (p. 191.) Surely the translator must imagine that he is at liberty to take the words of the original just in the order in which they stand. In p. 31 we find a well-known German idiom thus rendered:—'Will the German church, however, continue faithful to her peculiarity, she must preserve such a belief,' &c. In p. 184, 'that equally valid formulæ is not unconditionally performed.' The whole sentence is unintelligible. In one place we are told of 'the ordinations and institutions of the mother country;' and in p. 143, of 'consolating exhortations.' In p. 77, we find, that in 1585, Hooker 'came to London as Master of the Temple, *which post was the successor of that of the abbot of the suppressed priory.*' In p. 96, we read to our astonishment, 'that the most important of the *pamphlets* which have appeared is called, 'Tracts for the Times.' A pretty decent pamphlet, it must be admitted, which extends to five bulky octavo volumes.

Many of the obscurities unquestionably are fairly to be attributed to the translator. He has altogether failed, in numberless

instances, to translate into the corresponding idiom, and has apparently taken no trouble to do so. The oppressive verbiage, too, with which German style is so sadly loaded, he has taken no pains to prune, though it may almost always be done by a translator from that language, not only without detriment to the sense or spirit, but with manifest advantage to both.

In other respects, we cannot say the work is well edited. There is no account whatever of the author, whose name appears in the title page in a naked simplicity very unusual with the writers of that erudite nation: there is no long roll of academic titles, no appendage of learned office, no reference even to any university, or intimation that the author has ever studied at one. It is plain 'F. Uhden,' and who 'F. Uhden' is, it is hard to say. The information, which the modesty of the author might have induced him to suppress, has not been supplied by the editor. We are not even told where F. Uhden lives, or what is his profession, standing, or reputation in his own country. These particulars might surely have been easily obtained, and are so universally obtained in like cases, that we are surprised beyond measure at the omission. There are, indeed, two little advertisements or prefaces, but they tell us absolutely nothing, except that the author had considerable 'opportunities, during a prolonged residence in England, of observing the church of that country.' Both seem to have been written by the author, so that the editor does not appear to have thought it worth while to utter a single syllable, in relation either to his author or himself. Negligence is evinced throughout. Two or three of the notes have Tr. attached to them, to shew their origin; but others, which seem also to have been written by the translator, and one long one at least, which *must* have been written by him, have no such authentication. Even in the text, there seem to be interpolations which are indicated only by being enclosed in a parenthesis, and in one case there is a paragraph which would seem to be the translator's, without even that slight distinction. On the whole, we cannot say it has often been our lot to hold our critical assize on a version of a foreign work more inefficiently translated, or more negligently edited.

And yet, from what we have learned since the appearance of the volume, some particulars well calculated to excite curiosity in the reader, might easily have been prefixed. If we have been rightly informed, the work originated in some such circumstances as the following:— In the spring of 1842, the King of Prussia, as many of our readers will recollect, paid a visit to this country for the purpose of 'standing godfather,' as it is curiously called, to the infant Prince of Wales. We have reason to believe, that during that visit no effort was spared to impress



his Prussian Majesty with the excellence of that 'episcopal regimen,' of the inestimable advantages of which his protestant subjects are still destitute; and in many quarters strong hopes were entertained that on his return to his dominions he would exercise his prerogative in the establishment of this only true system of ecclesiastical polity,—the only infallible channel for conveying the spiritual blessings of Christianity. Some of the things, which the Oxford tractarians had said of the reformed churches of the continent, were not very well calculated, it is true, to enamour the monarch of a system, which, if embraced at all, must be embraced in the belief that his protestant ancestors for so many generations, must all be consigned to the 'uncovenanted mercies' of God.—It was in the spring of the same year—though we have no reason to believe that his lordship had any special reference to the case of the King of Prussia, that the bishop of London published his three sermons on the church. In these he took occasion to rebuke what appeared, and still appears to us, the consistent bigotry of the tractarians, and to defend the foreign reformed churches, at whatever expense of logic or common sense, from the anathemas of his less charitable brethren;—still affirming, however, the 'inestimable advantages' of that ecclesiastical polity of which those churches were, according to him, *involuntarily* deprived, and heartily commending it to universal adoption. In spite of such powerful recommendation, his Majesty does not appear to have been quite convinced of the propriety of imposing the yoke of episcopacy on the consciences of his subjects; and if we have been rightly informed, those doubts and misgivings were confirmed by statements elicited by his own inquiries on occasion of the presentation of a congratulatory address by the deputies of the three denominations of protestant dissenters. After the forms of presentation were concluded, his Majesty honoured the gentleman\* who had been appointed to head the deputation, with a conversation; in the course of which, we are told, facts were stated which somewhat surprised his Majesty, and provoked the doubts of at least one of his courtiers.

Whatever may have been the cause of it, certain it is, that in the spring of the same year there appeared in our country several Prussian clergymen, sent, in a manner, to 'spy out the land,' and to inform themselves, by the widest possible survey, of its ecclesiastical affairs. They arrived just in time for the religious anniversaries of May, and appear to have discharged their functions with perfect impartiality. Their visits to Exeter Hall alternated with those to Lambeth; they gravely attended

\* We believe Dr. Vaughan.

the meetings of the Congregational Union, and then repaired with as much gravity to those of the Methodist Conference, or the General Assembly of Scotland; they were now in London, now at Edinburgh, now at Cambridge, now at Oxford; they were at consecrations, ordinations, visitations, confirmations; in cathedrals, in parish churches, in universities, in Scottish kirks, in dissenting chapels, and on the platforms at religious meetings. Nothing came amiss to them.

To interpret aright the very complicated phenomena which were thus suddenly and rapidly submitted to their analysis, and truly to ascertain the relations amongst them must have been no doubt a very difficult and perplexing task. Nor can we wonder if they fell into some inaccuracies of a minor kind, and even in the more important points attained only an approximation to the truth.

Amongst the gentlemen thus deputed, was a Dr. Herman Ferdinand Uhden, whom we take to be the author of the little work thus unpretendingly ushered into the world.

Of the defects of the translation, we have already freely spoken, some of which, we have also said, there is reason to fear, are but a too faithful reflection of the German original. That there must be obscurity about many parts we cannot feel a doubt. That the views, on many points, are superficial, and the generalizations too hasty, we can have as little. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, the volume is far from being destitute of claims to attention; though inaccuracies may attach to matters of detail, there has evidently been great industry, and true German perseverance, in the accumulation of facts. Of some few of them, we confess we were previously ignorant—an ignorance we doubt not in which many of our readers participate. There are many things always within our reach, which we nevertheless never learn, because they *are* always within our reach. It is with the mind as with the eye; the objects may be too near to be seen. The rustic who visits the capital once in five years, often sees more of its sights and rarities, than he who lives in the midst of them.

Dr. Uhden's work is divided into eight chapters, which respectively treat of the following subjects:—I. Of the character of the Anglican Church. II. Of the Clergy, and of the Ecclesiastical Constitution. III. Of the Sects within the Church. IV. Of the Common Prayer Book. V. Of Preaching, and the cure of souls. VI. Of the Revenues of the Church, and the erection of new Churches. VII. Of Religious Life, Habits, and Manners. VIII. Of the Relations of the Church to the Dissenters.

We shall now proceed to extract a few sentences here and

there on those topics in which the majority of our readers may be reasonably supposed to take a special interest, and on which accordingly they would feel most curious to learn the opinions of an intelligent foreigner.

Of the principles of the Congregationalists and Baptists on the subjects of ecclesiastical polity and discipline, he speaks with great impartiality and respect. He speaks in the like tone of respect of the 'Voluntary System', which from some sentences (though he is very cautious and reserved), would seem to have his own approval. But on these points we find nothing that particularly calls for citation.

When treating of the formation of the Congregational Union (and his remarks of course apply, by parity of reasoning, to similar unions), he shows a very correct appreciation of the groundlessness of those fears of ecclesiastical usurpation which for a little time prevailed in some quarters, and which even now are not wholly allayed. After referring to the absolute necessity of cordial sympathy between the pastor and his flock under the voluntary system, and the impossibility of the former assuming independence of the latter, he remarks, 'Perhaps the union above mentioned, in which at present the congregations take no part,' [not strictly correct, by the way] 'may lead to a greater independence in the clergy;\* at the same time such an idea, if it be even entertained by some few, is not in the slightest degree expressed.' [As it does not exist, it would be strange indeed, if it were expressed.] 'Were such an attempt made known, it would encounter watchful antagonists in the zealous champions of the voluntary principle, who, on that very account indeed, have attacked a principle† which has become established in the lapse of time, and which, in some cases, has laid the foundations of a considerable independence of the clergy.'

But the chapter to which the reader will naturally turn with most interest, is the third, on 'sects within the church', and especially to that part of it which refers to the origin, progress, and present prospects of Puseyism. The facts, of course, are all very elementary, and fully known to the majority of our readers. They derive all their interest, as here stated, from the aspects under which they are viewed, and the estimate which is formed of them. A few of Dr. Uhden's reflections we shall accordingly extract. They are characterised by great moderation

\* So our author designates dissenting ministers, a title, assuredly, not affected by themselves, and little likely to be approved by their episcopal brethren.

† He refers to the attacks on the Regium Donum, and the opposition often expressed to endowments of all kinds.



of tone, and yet he does not hesitate to proclaim his belief, that the whole system is absolutely Romanist in its essence and tendency, and that it will never 'realise' its perfect 'development' (whether its first projectors be the conscious or unconscious instruments in this disastrous revolution), till it has effected a re-union with the papacy. At the very commencement of his observations he remarks, 'One special difficulty hampers us in the delineation of this party, namely, that as yet they have not reached their maturity, and that the ultimate object of the struggle, or the last realization of its doctrine, can only be laid down conjecturally.' He hesitates not to say, however, even now, 'Its tendency to Romanism is its most striking trait, which forms a ground of reproach against it by antagonists of all sects, and which has created the special difference between its followers and the principal members of the high church party.' After giving a brief account of the circumstances which originated this 'persuasion,' as he truly terms it, and which, as being familiar to our readers, we shall not trouble them with, he remarks:—

'The propositions of Mr. Newman as already given, contain the fundamental tenets on the points of apostolic succession and the liturgy; in the subsequent realization of those theories Puseyism proved her analogy to Romanism. There can be no salvation other than in that church whose clergy can shew their ordination in lineal descent from the apostles. By imposition of hands is the bishop invested with the power of the Holy Ghost, with equal authority to impart the same to others. If even the founders and teachers are cautious in their expressions on this head, the relation is regarded by the greater number, and especially by those laics disposed to Puseyism, as most extraordinary, yet well understood. Hence fundamental errors in doctrine no longer afford a valid justification for a separation from the church; on the contrary, those Christians who are on the continent, and are desirous of availing themselves of the means of grace, are referred to the Romish church, beyond whose pale there are no other facilities for their purpose. The acts of the clergy make the sacrament efficacious; and baptism by them produces regeneration. All the protests against individual abuses of the Romish church proceed from the same point. . . . All the difficulties and improbabilities in historical certainty are thus set aside by axioms which would not stand a scientific examination of church history.'

Further on he states his convictions yet more strongly:—

'The English,' says he, 'have just ground for opposing innovations, such as introducing images or pictures into churches, and restoring the sacerdotal vestments of olden times; which are all the offspring of superstition. *But all this is merely the outside.* It must ultimately happen that Puseyites will admit their catholicity is merely assumed and

secondary, their main question being—Rome, or no Rome. This is clear from other facts, besides the assertions of persons inimical to Puseyite doctrines. Some of the most zealous Puseyites have decidedly gone over to the Romish communion, and have succeeded in overcoming their English Calvinistic prejudices against pomp and ornament in the worship of God, adoration of the virgin, and the pope. Others will follow them; and even the most conforming of them state, that the secession from the church of Rome is not in principles, but merely on certain facts, and in their treatment. Those who express themselves most loudly against the Romish church, go no further than seeing in the creeds of Pope Pius IV. corrupt additions made to the catholic faith, and practices arising therefrom. It may be observed that it is only in solitary cases that usages are attacked, or where some weighty cause prompts the movement,—such as supporting the weak in faith; moreover, the most decided steps have been taken towards an accommodation on a matter which, under existing circumstances, is the most difficult of all; namely, the recognition of the—papal authority. They style the church of Rome an elder sister church, to which at least a certain consideration is due. In a tract written professedly by a secular pen, but certainly belonging to one of the most able advocates of Puseyism, a deduction is drawn in favour of infallibility, which is declared to be a '*jus de non appellando*' on earth. Finally, while above all things they endeavour to preserve the catholicity of the Anglican church, they openly state their apprehensions, lest by facts and declarations emanating from the heads of the church, and which tend to a more extended Protestant feeling, some more decided steps may become advisable. . . . The Puseyites take no part in the annual assemblies of the month of May, at which clergy and laity from all parts of the kingdom attend; they account these meetings as innovations and unauthorized departures from the institutes of the church, the more so as the dissenters assist in most of these associations. In 1842, there was scarcely one speech which did not contain allusions unfavourable to Puseyism, and these remarks were universally greeted with the warmest approbation.'

These last remarks would apply still more forcibly to the meetings of the year 1843. Indeed, a stronger feeling of alarm and a more energetic spirit of resistance in relation to Puseyism, both in the church and out of it, were evinced during the past year than at any previous period since its first promulgation. In fact, partly from a wide-spread indifference to religious truth and partly from contempt of what were supposed obsolete follies, the nation was at first but too ready to let the Oxford 'sappers and miners' have it all their own way; little dreaming what extensive effects (through they may be but transitory, it is true,) well-organized, concentrated, and unopposed effort will produce on a thing so pliable, ignorant, and averse to reflection,—so credulous, stupid, and fantastic, so fickle,—so willing to trust its eternal interests to any who will take the charge of them—as that very queer thing called 'the popular mind.'

The fourth chapter, containing little or nothing but a very elementary history of the 'common prayer,' and an account of the order of service as performed in the English church, presents little scope for extract or comment. It will be read, we doubt not, with interest in Germany, but contains only what is very familiar to the majority of our readers. One observation, however, on the facility with which the very contrarieties in the public formularies and documents of the church are reconciled by the parties who have all sworn an *ex animo* assent to them, is worth extracting. 'The Puseyite,' says our author, 'relies upon certain expressions in the formularies, and maintains that such are laid down in the catholic church according to his views, while your man of evangelical persuasions has no reason to dread any such interpretations in his church while the articles make a part of the common prayer book, by which the formulæ and material dogmas of the Reformation are so unquestionably upheld.'

The chapter on the revenues of the church is, on the whole, both interesting and important, and does great credit to the industry of the writer, who seems to have spared no pains in the collection of facts, and has arranged them with considerable clearness. Some of his statements, however, seem to us more than doubtful. Thus he affirms that 'the church rates are about £500,000 per annum, of which about £40,000 is obtained from dissenters of all parties.' On what authority this last statement is made we know not; it certainly ought not to have been omitted. Whatever it be, we are much mistaken if 'the dissenters of all parties,' forming as they do so considerable a portion of the population in those great towns in which church rates are most heavy, do not pay a much larger proportion of that obnoxious tax. Dr. Uhden's general views, however, on the injustice and inexpediency of demanding church rates from dissenters, are decided, and are indeed precisely what might be expected from any impartial looker-on.

'In 1841 there was a decision of the Lord Chief Justice Tindal, which is regarded by most parties as an authentic and final exposition of the law. According to it, the church is to be upheld just as well as the highways and bridges of a parish: it may very well happen to a given individual that he shall not cross a certain bridge, or to a person not to have any business on a certain road; nevertheless he must share in the cost of their preservation; and it is equally the bounden duty of an individual to contribute towards the repair of the church, whether he goes there or not. *Considering that the same political rights have been conceded to all religious parties, there is in this a certain injustice;* and last year a decision was pronounced in a case of the kind, where the principles above advanced were not quite carried out. The excitement on this relation—[why, in the name of common sense, could not the



translator say, 'in relation to this,' or 'on this subject?'] is constantly increasing, and eventually it must become the subject of legal enactment. A motion to abolish church rates altogether was negatived in June, 1842, by an overwhelming parliamentary majority.'

It is evident that our author, with the majority of reflecting persons amongst Englishmen themselves, considers that however long the present establishment may last, the essential principle of establishments—that of providing for the religious instruction of the whole population by a prodigal employment of public money—is virtually abandoned. That parliamentary grants for these twenty years past have afforded little compared with what the voluntary system has yielded, both within and without the establishment; that such grants are viewed with increasing jealousy and dissatisfaction, and met with a sterner and more uncompromising opposition, is undeniable. Whatever driblets may yet flow from the treasury for such objects, they will be obtained with increasing difficulty; and must, in our judgment, and we believe in the judgment of all except Sir R. Inglis, cease altogether, at no very distant date. On this important subject the author has the following remarks:—

'With the grants mentioned and other pecuniary aids, the commissioners have at present built wholly, or partially established 259 churches. But the parliamentary grants have been for some time quite exhausted. Additional proposals have been made in the House of Commons, *but times have changed*. The dissenters regard the increase which has already taken place in the Anglican churches not without jealousy. They consider the sums of money drawn from the public purse for such purposes, as so much taken from their pockets to be given to their opponents. In the house itself, the members seceding from the episcopal church are much more numerous (their influence being of course in a corresponding degree) than at the period of the last grant; and besides, any proposal for further advances has been considered as incompatible with the financial condition and general state of the country in late years. Sir Robert Inglis, the member for Oxford, in 1840, brought forward a motion of the kind, since which he has however abstained from any further attempt, possibly owing to his probable want of success. It is worthy of observation that former grants were made at an epoch when that catholic spirit of which we have made mention, was rife; but so long as the existing antagonism of the sects continues, scarcely any ministry will be found to enter heartily into a project in which they are not materially interested, and by which they might in all probability have to stand or fall.'

The chapter on 'religious Life, Habits, and Manners,' contains much interesting matter—chiefly interesting of course, from conveying the opinions and feelings with which a foreign observer regards us. The general observance of the Sabbath amongst us seems to have struck him forcibly, as it usually does our continental visitors, whose more lax notions of the obli-

gations of that sacred day lead them even to exaggerate our pious strictness and austerity. What we regard as but a very indifferent exemplification of our theoretic views of the day, they are apt to consider as a sort of supererogatory sanctity, and excess of rigour. At all events, we fear that the following picture is too highly coloured; and sure we are that it would be difficult to find a parallel to the case of the American traveller referred to. We may add, that we are not at all anxious to discover amongst us any such examples of what we cannot but call spiritual prudery.

'The retention of old customs is generally supported by public opinion. In the larger towns, a great decrease in the usual noise and bustle becomes perceptible soon after ten o'clock on Saturday evening, and about midnight, two or three hours earlier than common, everything is quiet,' [As far as *our* experience goes, the noise and bustle are certainly *as* late on Saturday evenings as on any day in the week.] 'On Sundays, during the hours of service, streets even are closed to carriages if in the immediate vicinity of the churches.' [Out again, Dr. Uhden, or your translator.] 'All ordinary occupations are suspended; and even bread is not baked,' [but pies, puddings, and meat are] 'some families taking cold repasts; (indeed, at a public *déjeune à la fourchette*, given by the Lord Mayor to the King of Prussia on a Sunday, all the viands were cold) and except in the vending of food and drink, there is not one instance in one hundred of business being done by working at the desk, or behind the counter; such a thing is seldom heard of! Theatres and places of amusement are all closed; custom forbids all parties, otherwise than in the bosom of one's family. \* \* \* In Scotland travelling on Sunday is not permitted; conveyance even by railway is rare. On the Edinburgh and Glasgow line, trains run before morning and after evening services. Even this is deplored by many as a desecration of the Sabbath; and the Scotch regret that the shareholders on that line are principally Englishmen, whose views on the subject are not so strict, and who compel the directors to make these journies.' [To *permit* them, we suppose the translator means.] 'In New England, a steam boat runs from Boston in Massachusetts to Portland, in Maine; the starting time being at such an hour on Saturday as would enable passengers to reach the place of destination at ten the same night. On one occasion the voyage was not completed at past eleven. A clergyman on board requested that the boat might be stopped in case they should not have arrived by midnight, and that he might be put ashore, as he could not on any account travel on Sunday. The request excited no surprise either in the captain or his fellow-travellers. These feelings may be met with in England among individuals, but are not to the same extent an integral part of the general conscientious conviction.'

Very far from it, we should say.

Next to the general observance of the Sabbath, the religious festivals of May seem to have been that feature of our religious condition which most struck the imagination of our author.

The reader will find an account of them in pp. 179—182; but as it contains nothing but what they are perfectly familiar with, extract and remark are needless.

We must now draw our observations to a close, and we do not know that we can better do so than by extracting one or two amusing anecdotes which we find here and there inserted in the notes. The following is said to have been the laconic reply of a certain bishop to a Puseyite clergyman, who was anxious to justify sundry innovations by no less authority than that of Ambrose, against whose venerable name he probably thought his diocesan would hesitate to commit himself.

‘We may be allowed,’ says our author, ‘to give an example of the style of English correspondence, which is generally distinguished for its conciseness and its coming to the point. One of the bishops had heard of certain new-fangled practises which one of his clergy had introduced, and wrote to him enjoining their discontinuance. The parson replied, that the holy Ambrosius had sanctioned such usages. The reply of the bishop was couched in these words: ‘Reverend Sir,—The holy Ambrosius was not bishop of E——; I am; and as such command you to lay aside your innovating practices. I am, reverend Sir,’ &c.’

A curious specimen is given of the dilemmas in which those who hold high-church principles are involved, supposing they retain the slightest particle of charity. If they can succeed in getting rid of *that*, they may of course hold the said principles with ruthless consistency. The following is the mode of extrication of one who does not seem to have been able quite to extinguish his charity; it must be admitted, however, that the inconvenient remnant of that grace has left his logic in a most pitiable condition:—

‘A secular person,’ [the English of which is a *layman*, Mr. Translator,] ‘who had always made himself acquainted with the questions of English theology, declared that none but those who were baptized in the true church can be esteemed members of Christ. On being asked whether he would exclude all others from salvation, his reply was, ‘By no means; they may be saved, but God has not accorded them the privilege of being Christians.’ Consequently it may fairly be assumed as an ecclesiastical tenet, that there is some other path to salvation than that of Christianity.’

After noticing the abuses and iniquities inseparable from the system of ‘patronage,’ our author remarks:—

‘These monstrosities—the personal nature of the advowson, the freedom from all impositions, and the want of veto, also flourish in the Scottish church, and have led to a vigorous controversy in the Presbyterian constitution, now culminating to its extreme point. The author was in Edinburgh during the General Assembly of 1842, when it was resolved to petition for the abolition of the patronage as a grievance.



He laid before a clergyman an exposition of the limitations on the rights of patronage in Germany, and was informed that that would satisfy them. 'Then why go to such extremities?' 'Sir,' was the reply, 'If you cannot tame a beast you must kill it.' '\*

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Art. III. *Novum Testamentum Græcum, Editio Hellenistica.* Londini: Gulielmus Pickering. 1843.

THE style of the New Testament is a powerful evidence of its genuineness. It is the precise species of composition which would be used by persons in the condition in which the apostles are known to have been placed. An acute forger may imitate many features of the language of past periods or other lands, yet there are not a few peculiarities which are beyond his power. A genuine book bears upon it the 'form and pressure' of the times; something so indefinable and yet so marked, so impalpable and yet so characteristic, that the impostor exposes himself to suspicion by the absence of such criteria, or by an extravagant accumulation of them. The marks of genuineness to which we refer are by no means mysterious or difficult to be apprehended. They resemble those modes of recognition which we apply instinctively and universally to the portrait of a friend, when we pronounce upon its correctness, not from the features of the countenance singly, but from the expression; not from the stature, but rather from the attitude; not from the colour or form of the dress in themselves, but from the general effect of their arrangement—all these forming a 'tout ensemble' which at once strikes and fascinates the eye of the beholder. So the style of the sacred writers is Greek, but not classic Greek, Greek of the later era, but not quite that of the writers of the Macedonian period: Greek written by Jews, yet not exactly that of the Alexandrian colonists. It is Greek acquired through conversation, and such Greek modified by being made the vehicle of thoughts which that language had never before conveyed. True, indeed, the Hebrew oracles had been translated into it, yet many ideas original and peculiar were revealed to evangelists and apostles. They were commissioned to proclaim

\* We have ventured on a conjectural emendation in the pointing of this last sentence. As it stands in the translation, it is mere nonsense. The 'reply' oddly enough is represented as the 'question,' and the 'questioner' is made to answer it himself. It reads thus:—'Then why go to such extremities, Sir,' was the reply; 'if you cannot tame a beast you must kill it.' We sincerely regret that Dr. Uhden has not found a more accurate translator. Though we have not seen the original, it is manifest that much injustice has been done him.

a dispensation in which the love of God to the world, Christ's atonement for human guilt, faith as the means of pardon, purity, and peace, holiness as the result of spiritual influence, life and immortality as brought to light, are frequent and familiar topics of illustration and enforcement. What other species of idiom than that to which we have referred could be employed? Such, and no other, might you expect in the New Testament, written in the age in which it professes to have been composed. Greek either more graceful or more awkward, more classic or more Hebraized, would justly be suspected. Greek more rythmical and rounded, less abrupt and parallelised, would have indicated an affectation of fine writing quite unworthy of that earnestness and dignity which we instinctively ascribe to men of God, recipients of inspiring impulse.

But though the Spirit was upon them, their style is natural. It differs somewhat in the various writers, yet the same elements are everywhere conspicuous. The style of John may be more Hebraized than that of Paul, Matthew's more than Luke's, a result which we at once anticipate, a minor shade of distinction arising from education and mental peculiarity. We enter not into the question, how far the Greek language was prevalent in Palestine in the time of Christ. It may be that the truth is between the theory of Pfannkuche\* and that of Hug†. The learned Christian world owes its deep thanks to Mr. Dobbin for his beautiful re-publication of Diodati's Treatise on this interesting subject.‡ It is not with the question, to what extent Greek was spoken by various classes in Judea during the Roman domination, nor with the question, why the New Testament was written in Greek, that we have now to do. It is with the Greek before us; Greek as we have it in the pages of the New Covenant. The theory of Aramaic originals of any of the books is now obsolete. Even as relates to the gospel of Matthew, the idea of a sole Greek original is fast becoming the prevailing sentiment.

The genius of New Testament Greek, as we have briefly described it, will be apparent to any one who turns from the pages of Xenophon or Thucydides to those of Paul or Luke. Their style is Greek in language, but Hebrew in sentiment; the words are Greek, but the structure of the sentence is Hebrew. Greek words with a meaning entirely Jewish, idioms which are

\* American Biblical Repository, Vol. i., p. 317, originally published in Eichhorn's Allgem. Bibliothek der Bib. Lit., Vol. iii., p. 472.

† Einleitung in die Schriften des N. T., part II. chap. 1, § 10.

‡ Dominici Diodati. De Christo Græce Loquente, &c. Neapoli, MDCCCLXVII. Edited, with a Preface, by Orlando T. Dobbin, LL.B., Trinity College Dublin. London, 1843.

a direct imitation of Hebrew *usus loquendi* ; Greek phrases with tropical meanings, such as the classics had never used, but which the corresponding Hebrew terms were generally employed to denote, meet the eye in every paragraph. The style of the sacred writings of the New Testament reminds one of the aspect and gait of a Jew dressed in a Grecian costume, which he had not long assayed.

How is the knowledge of this peculiar Greek style to be acquired? Surely the Hebrew of the Old Testament must be mastered, and the spirit of its oracles imbibed. But the language of the New Testament in its foundation is still the rich and flexible tongue of Greece. Thorough acquaintance with the variety, power, and idioms of that wonderful instrument of communication, is therefore essential to the correct interpretation of evangelists and apostles. Few there are who will not admit our statement, and the training of our students proceeds upon the admission. Yet, in the majority of cases, Greek learning is sadly neglected, and a wrong method of tuition is pursued. The simpler portion of some meagre elementary grammar being committed to memory, the student is set down to the New Testament to translate and parse. Aided by his own reminiscence of the English version, and by the pages of Schrevelius, he soon feels himself qualified to render Greek into English, as far as regards most of the books of the New Testament. Too often is he tempted to imagine that his Greek learning is now perfected. It may be that he is attracted by the pages of a Collectanea to skim over a few excerpts from classic authors, or obliged to read in a college class-room some portions of Greek literature. Now whatever proficiency may be afterwards made, our ground of complaint in such a method of discipline is, that the student never acquires a correct taste, so as to relish the beauties either of classic or sacred Greek composition. He has been brought far too soon to the New Testament. The rhymth and elegance of classic Greek are unknown. The peculiarities of New Testament Greek cannot be comprehended. When he is told of that peculiar style which prevails in the New Testament, he cannot feel or perceive it. He has no standard by which to compare it. We would not make a young man toil his way through the subtleties of the Tragedians, or force him through the compact and sententious Thucydides (though no one who has thus disciplined himself will regret the labour), we would not insist on his familiarizing his spirit with the lyrics of Pindar, or the garrulous compositions of Herodotus, but we would demand that the ordinary writers, and especially such as have used the Attic dialect be mastered. Let him first proceed through the Odyssey, that delightful picture of the olden time. Let him study the



authors of the pure Attic—the transparent prose of Xenophon, the more intricate dialogues of Plato, and the severe beauty, and penetrating intensity of Demosthenes. Let him next descend to such writers as wrote in Attic after the wars of Alexander. He will find both information and philological assistance in many of the tracts of Plutarch, the anecdotes of Diodorus, and the descriptions of Strabo.\* Let him be trained to understand what classic Greek is, especially in its Attic and its Alexandrine peculiarities! Let him enter into the *spirit* and style of Grecian literature. Let him not be content with tracing forms in a grammar, or meanings in a lexicon. Let his soul be so imbued with the language, that as he reads, a formal translation into his own tongue will be felt to be a diminution of his pleasure, a useless and cumbrous process. Bring him now to the New Testament, and he will at once realize the contrast. At once he will understand that the writers of the New Testament lived not in Attica though they use the tongue of Hellas, and were not natives of Alexandria though they employ the modified Greek of the later era. He will find that they were foreigners, born beneath an oriental sky, whose associations centered around Sion, and not Parnassus—whose God dwelt in the Temple, not in the shrines of the Parthenon—the city of whose affections was Jerusalem, and not Athens. In a word, we would have the interpreter of the New Testament study Kühner before he come to Winer, and be at home in the pages of Passow, ere he consult those of Wahl or Robinson.

We look back with no little amusement to the fierce conflicts of former times about the nature of the New Testament Greek. The hostile parties were ranged under the name of Purists on the one side, and Hellenists or Hebraists on the other. The Purists maintained the classic purity of the New Testament, argued that its style was as unmingled and thoroughly elegant as that of the most illustrious writers of Athens, and laboured to find parallels to its stranger idioms and more peculiar usages and meanings, in the wide range of Grecian literature. Hebraisms, they regarded as a barbarism which disfigured the sacred writings, and so they toiled to prove that the apostles were not singular in the use of certain vocables and forms of syntax. They regarded the New Testament as a piece of composition having the chasteness and finish of the age of Pericles. They thought it derogatory to the Holy Spirit to have used any other than the most accomplished style. They would not permit the New Testament to be outdone in point of linguistic beauty and

\* Vide Sturz.—De dialecto Alexandrina, Lips. 1809.

In 1810 Planck published his Essay, *De vera natura atque indole Orationis Græcæ N. T. Comment.* An Essay, to praise which is now superfluous.

grace by any uninspired production. They counted upon miraculous influence as having been given in sufficient amount to secure such a result.

The Hellenists maintained again, that the New Testament abounded in Hebraisms, in forms of speech quite solecistic, quite at variance with the models of Grecian refinement. They contended that such peculiarities sprung from an insensible imitation of Hebrew idiom, yet they multiplied instances to a very rash and unwarranted extent, and certainly depreciated to a very undue excess, the grammatical accuracy of the New Testament writers. They charged upon the style of the New Testament many faults which by no means belong to it. Joseph Scaliger, in his Notes to Eusebius, was the first who styled the Greek of the New Testament, Hellenistic, deriving the epithet from the supposed usage of the New Testament itself, in styling Jews who spoke the Greek tongue,—*Ἑλληνισταί*. The term was then given to the party who asserted the Hebrew colouring of New Testament Greek.

Beza and Stephens, with great critical sagacity, forestalled the judgment of modern scholars, and anticipated the rational decision of the present day. The whole matter, as Moses Stuart says, is now brought very near to that middle ground which those consummate Greek scholars, Robert Stephens and Theodore Beza seem first to have occupied.\* But this result has been the consequence of a varied and protracted struggle, in which talent and temper were frequently exhibited.

It was a severe contest, and much ink was shed. The antagonists sometimes waxed rabid, and bitter personalities were not unfrequently mixed up with the debate. French gallantry was pitted against Dutch prolixity, English bravery against German inflexibility. The Purists were not slow in ascribing unworthy motives to the Hellenists, in branding them as heretics, and deniers of the divine inspiration of the New Testament; while the Hellenists retorted with similar weapons. The Purists, in fighting for the Attic purity of the New Testament, debated every inch of ground with manful pugnacity, and when about to be worsted, summoned the Greek poets to their assistance, as if their use of a term would justify its prosaic application, and fell back on the doubtful territory of the Byzantine historians in order to cover their retreat. The Hebraists claimed much which they could not keep, ascribing to Jewish origin what is common to every tongue, and pressed into their service not a few allies who ought to have been treated with the respect

\* Grammar of the New Testament Dialect. Second Edition. Andover, 1841, p. 18.

due to a neutral power. From 1629, when Pfochen led the attack, down to 1752, when Palairret feebly attempted to rally their broken forces, the Purists were engaged in busy warfare.\* Any years of tranquillity were those of an armed peace. Jung met Pfochen in 1640, and was challenged in return by Grosse, who raised up a new opponent in Wolfer. Wolfer's armour-bearer was Musaeus in 1641, and he proved so stiff and intractable, that Grosse got the length of a *Quarta defensio*!

Alternaque jactat  
Brachia protendens et verberat ictibus auras.

Heinsius now entered the ranks of the Hellenists, and made a bold defence in 1643, but was confronted by the furious Salmasius, of whom it may be sung:—

Thrice he routed all his foes,  
And thrice he slew the slain.

Spumea tum primum rabies vesana per ora  
Effluit.

In his Gallican vanity he imagined that his first treatise settled the question:—*Commentarius contraversiam decidens*. His foes being slain, in his second tract he buried them:—*Funus linguae Hellenisticae*. But his rage was not bounded by the grave, for in a third publication he disinterred their remains, and made a triumphal pyramid of their bones:—*Ossilegum linguae Hellenisticae*. But Gattaker, 1648, a host in himself, with Vorstius, 1658, and Werenfels, about the same period, came to the side of the Hellenists. Others sought peace by recommending a middle course, such as Bœcler, 1641, Olearius, 1668, and Leusden; and to some extent also, J. H. Michaelis, 1707, and Blackwall, 1727. But the combat was revived in 1732 by Ch. Sieg. Georgi, was faintly followed up by Schwarz in 1736, and at length expired in the effort of Palairret in 1752. The style of the New Testament is not the only subject on which men's minds have been prejudiced, the truth concerning which they have only gradually discovered. There are few errors which men retain with such pertinacity, as those which are connected with Scriptural themes. The text of the New Testament is now universally acknowledged to be such as we have briefly described it in a preceding paragraph—Hebrew Greek, Greek of the Alexandrian dialect (if such an appellation be proper), of which the Attic was the basis.

What, then, are the best sources for the illustration of the New Testament? Certainly, the writers who composed in a similar style, who wrote in the Hellenistic dialect. So far as

\* Vide Winer. Grammatik der Neutestamentlichen Sprachidioms, p. 14. Stuart, p. 8.



the Greek itself is concerned, the authors who flourished after the Macedonian conquest are the best authorities, and who wrote in the κοινή διαλεκτός. Appeals cannot be safely made to the authors who lived prior to this period. The value of many of the earlier philological commentators is on this account greatly reduced. Ernesti says, that in Elsnæ he got not more than ten observations of real practical value. Bos, Albertus, Raphelius, Kypke, Palaiet, while containing much that is valuable in a philological point of view, yet abound with irrelevant quotations, in which we discover similarity of sound, not similarity of meaning; in which violence is done to the citations from Greek authors, in order to harmonize them with that portion of the New Testament which they are intended to illustrate. Yet there are particles of gold amidst the rubbish, and these works, as Dr. Robinson has remarked, have assisted in the formation of our best New Testament lexicons.\* Contributions, however small, to a work so laudable and necessary as a good New Testament dictionary, deserve our fervent gratitude. Classic quotations so sanctified are an acceptable oblation. Every student of the New Testament will thankfully own himself 'debtor to the Greeks.' In the lexicons of Wahl, Robinson, Bretschneider, in the grammar of Winer, in the best of the modern German commentaries are to be found many acute, sound, and pertinent references to the writers of the later Attic.

The Hebrew element of the New Testament Greek has also attracted considerable attention. Many treatises have been written upon it, though generally they err in excessive application of Jewish idiom. Many large publications have also collected Talmudic customs and forms of speech, in order to illustrate the New Testament. Leusden and Vorstius have laboured in the latter department. Lightfoot, Schoetgen, and Wetstein too, in the former.

But especially is the style of the New Testament in its complex actual form to be illustrated. To investigate any of its component elements by itself may be of good service; but, surely, it is better still to find apposite illustration from authors who have used the Judæo-Grecian idiom themselves. Not from the Greek without the Hebrew colouring, or from the Hebrew without the Grecian costume, but from the Hebrew-Greek in actual existence is the best and most appropriate assistance to be fetched. So we have Philo, Josephus, the Old Testament Apocrypha, and the Septuagint, in all of which, with some variation, is found that Hellenic style which prevails in the books of the New Testament. Josephus does, indeed, indicate

\* Preface to his New Testament Lexicon.

a nearer approach to the polish of Grecian literature than do the apostles. He Atticises, the effort to do so being often apparent in the historical portions of his works. The style is felt to be a laboured imitation. Yet the style of Josephus is not without many similarities to that of his apostolic contemporaries, both in Greek and Hebrew idiom. Many apposite remarks and elucidations, philological and historical, selected from Josephus, are spread through the pages of the well-known treatises of Ottius and Krebs.\* Philo too affects a pure Greek style, but occasionally overdoes it. The old woman said to Theophrastus that she knew him not to be a native of Athens by his speech, with all its studied accuracy. The fine ear of the old crone declared his language to be too Attic. He spoke *αττικωτατως*. A similar judgment may be pronounced on the style of Philo. Yet his style, when treating of religious topics peculiar to his people, does instinctively approximate to the New Testament usage. More than two thousand quotations from the Septuagint are scattered throughout his writings. Lœsner's collection of illustrations from Philo is not so full as it might have been, and many useful extracts have also been gathered from him by J. B. Carpzoff in his *Sacræ Exercitationes in S. Pauli Epistolam ad Hebræos ex Philone Alexandrino*. But the whole harvest is not yet gathered. There may yet be culled from the pages of these two writers many clusters of critical and exegetical illustration. The gleanings may prove better than the vintage.

The books of the Apocrypha still more closely resemble the style of the New Testament, being composed in Alexandrine Greek by authors of the Jewish nation. Their philological value is incalculable. Bretschneider and Kuinoel† have done little more than point out the way to useful investigation and discovery. The Apocryphal books of the New Testament are also not without their value.

The Septuagint claims a close affinity with the New Testament, though it be not like it, an original work, but only a translation. It has moulded to a considerable extent the Greek style of the New Testament. It was the sacred book which our Lord and his apostles quoted and consulted. It is the translation of Hebrew thoughts into a Greek dress. So is the New Testament. In the case of the Septuagint the Hebrew thoughts rendered into Greek had been written on parchment and in Hebrew character; in the case of the New Testament, they were translated at once from the fleshly tables of the heart. The similarity of process in the formation of the two works is very

\* Ottii Spicilegium Lugd. Bat. 1741. J. T. Krebsii Observat. in N. T. e Fl. Josepho. Lips. 1755.

† Observationes ad N. T. ex Libris Apocryphis. Lips. 1794.

close. We may expect great likeness in modes of expression, frequent recurrence of similar phrases, the same general construction of sentences, with all that variety of minute resemblances which is instinctively produced by a relationship so close—a relationship at once literary and religious, national and ecclesiastical. So that for the illustration of the New Testament we naturally recur to the Septuagint, and we believe it to be more useful for the New Testament than for the elucidation of those Hebrew oracles of which it is a very unequal version. In our best grammars, lexicons, and commentaries, the Septuagint is the great source of illustration.

It is the object of that publication, the title of which is placed at the head of this article, to apply the Septuagint as a primary means of philological illustration, uniformly and systematically, to the words and clauses of the New Testament in continuous order. The work consists of two large octavos, of fifteen hundred pages. It exhibits the Greek text of the New Testament, for the most part according to Mill's edition, while under each verse are arranged the corresponding words, phrases, modes of expression, or other sources of illustration to be found in the Septuagint. Philo, Josephus, the Apocrypha, are also often referred to in the same manner. The text of the Septuagint which the editor has used is the Vatican edition of Bos. The book of Daniel is also preferred by him in its original version\* to the ordinary translation of Theodotion. In the references to the Septuagint, which are printed in a smaller text, care is taken first to adduce similar phraseology, then any other citations which can throw light on the verse. In this way more than thirty thousand doctrinal and grammatical illustrations of the New Testament are supplied. It would be folly to expect that all the references are either apposite or correct, as the editor himself says modestly in his preface:—*‘Multa tamen prætermissa, multa minùs apta, et non pauca fortè prorsus aliena, nullus dubito quin in eâ invenienda sint. ‘Verùm opere in longo,’ ut Horatianis verbis utar, ‘fas est obrepere somnum;’ et ubi tam multa, tam pretiosa, è sacrosanctis aurifodinis nunc primùm eruta nitent; ‘maculis, quas aut incuria fudit, aut humana parum cavit natura,’ veniam ab omnibus bonis et benevolis facilè concessam fore sperandum est.’*

Yet the plan is a good one. If the selection of references be ample (as it appears to be in this case) we may pardon a few which are irrelevant. It is said of Barnabas (Acts xi. 24.) *Ὅτι ἦν ἀνὴρ ἀγαθὸς καὶ πλεῆρης Πνεύματος ἁγίου καὶ πίστεως καὶ προσετέθη*

\* First published at Rome 1772, reprinted at Gottingen 1774, and at Utrecht 1775.



οχλος ικανος τῷ Κυρίῳ. Now the editor of the Hellenic New Testament has adduced under this, Neh. vii. 2, ὅτι αὐτος ἦν ἀληθης καὶ φοβούμενος τὸν Θεὸν παρα πολλοὺς, a clause which has only a vague similarity of sentiment. Jos. ix. 16, καὶ ἐγένετο μετὰ τρεῖς ἡμέρας, has no connection with Acts xxiv. 1. μετὰ δὲ πέντε ἡμέρας κατέβη ὁ Ἀρχιερεὺς Ἀνανίας, κ. τ. λ. But many thousand appropriate references are interspersed. As a specimen of the work we may give the first verse of Matthew.

‘Βιβλος γενεσεως Ἰησου Χριστου, υἱου Δαβιδ, υἱου Ἀβρααμ.’

‘Αὕτη ἡ βιβλος γενεσιως ἀνθρωπων, (Gen. v. 1.) αὗται αἱ γενεαὶ Κορε (Exod. vi. 24.) Κατὰ γενεαὶς αὐτῶν, κατὰ πατριας αὐτῶν. (Num. i. 18.) Ἀχὰρ υἱὸς Χαρμὶ, υἱὸν Ζαμβρι υἱὸν Ζαρά. (Jos. vii. 1.) ἐνεκεν Δαβὶδ τὸν δούλον σου μὴ ἀποστρέψῃς τὸ προσοπὸν τοῦ Χριστοῦ σου. Ὡμοσε Κύριος τῷ Δαβὶδ ἀληθειαν, καὶ οὐ μὴ ἀθετήσῃ αὐτήν, Ἐκ καρποῦ τῆς κοιλίας σου, θησομαι ἐπὶ τοῦ θρόνου σου. (Ps. cxxxi. 10, 11.) καὶ ἐνευλογηθῶσονται ἐν σοὶ [Ἀβραμ] πασαι αἱ φυλαὶ τῆς γῆς (Gen. xii. 3.—Conf. Luc. iii. 23.) [τις ἐπ’ ἀκριβείας εὗρε τὴν πρώτην καταβολὴν τῆς τούτων γενεσεως.—Philo. T. ii. p. 124. Edit. Mangey.]—Conf. Num. xxiii. 10.

Or we may take the 18th verse of the same chapter.

‘Τοῦ δὲ Ἰησου Χριστου ἡ γεννησις οὕτως ἦν. Μνηστευθεὶς γὰρ τῆς μητρὸς αὐτοῦ Μαρίας τῷ Ἰωσήφ, πρὶν ἢ συνελθεῖν αὐτοὺς εὗρεθι ἡ γαστρί ἐχουσα ἐκ Πνεύματος ἁγίου.

‘καθὼς ἡμέρα γενεσεως αὐτῆς. (Ose. ii. 3.) ὅτι οὕτως ἐποίησαν. Eccles. viii. 10.—Gen. xlii. 25.) ὅστις μεμνηστένται γυναῖκα, καὶ οὐκ ἔλαβεν αὐτήν. (Deut. xx. 7.) παρθένος μεμνηστευμένη ἀνδρὶ. (xxii. 23.) πρὶν ἢ γινῶναι αὐτόν. (Esa. vii. 15.) πρὶν ἢ πλανηθῆναι με.—Sir li. 13. [συνελθεῖν αὐτῇ. (Test. xii. Patr. p. 600.) μετὰ δὲ ταῦτα ὡς γαμετὴ νομίμῳ συνέρχου. Philo. T. ii. p. 393.] εὗρεθι. (Deut. xxii. 20. Dan. i. 19. LXX. Sir. xlii. 17.) ἐν γαστρὶ ἐχουσα. (2 Reg. xi. 5.) τὸ Πνεῦμα τὸ ἅγιον σου. Ps. l. 11. Esa. lxiii. 10, 11.) ὅτι παιδίον ἐγεννήθη ἡμῖν, υἱὸς καὶ ἐδόθη ἡμῖν ὃν ἡ ἀρχὴ ἐγεννήθη ἐπὶ τοῦ ὤμου αὐτοῦ, κ. τ. λ. (Esa. ix. 6, 7. Conf. Gen. iii. 15.) ὥς Χριστοῦ ἡγουμένου—σὺν τῷ ἡγουμένῳ τῷ ἐργομένῳ. (Dan. xi 25, 26.)—τὴν γενεάν αὐτοῦ τις διηγήσεται. (Esa. liii. 8.)

The last reference to Isaiah liii. 8, is doctrinally incorrect. The phrase ὅτι means contemporaries, and cannot at all refer to what is termed eternal generation. So it can have no connection with the facts as stated in the verse under which it has been placed.

The editor, in an elegant Latin preface, briefly gives his reasons for undertaking this work. No book of the same kind has as yet appeared—‘nemo, quod sciam, hanc planam facilemque viam, quā ad Palæstinam et propè ad Christi et Apostolorum societatem, per veteres patriarchas et prophetas, recto itinere et sine ullo circuitu eatur, monstravit.’ Again, page viii. ‘Hæc via per Hierosolymam et Sionis montem est aperta, simplex, directa; illa per Romam aut Athenas devia, et ni fallor, sæpius periculosa.

Sic ab omnibus sacrarum literarum studiosis ad Novi Testamenti interpretationem veram et pristinam, Christo duce, accedendum.' And again, reprobating an indiscriminate reference to classic writers, he adds, somewhat poetically—'Nequaquam credendum est grammatistis, qui voces et phrases sacrosanctas ex auctoribus profanis interpretentur, et Jordanis flumina cum Tiberis aut Arethusæ aut Alphei limo et colluvione, ut ita dicam, contaminare elaborent.' We accede heartily to such statements. His plan of illustration is one of facile and extensive application. He has come to his work too in a proper spirit, a spirit of dependence on the Holy Ghost, the giver of inspiration. What a refreshing contrast to the dry infidelity, intellectual pride, and philological self sufficiency of German critics! 'Sed quis mortalium ad hæc idoneus sit? Sine lumine divino precibusque ad Patrem luminum assiduis, omnis noster effusus labor. Descendes, oremus, Sancte Spiritus et obscuriora tua Tu ipse illumines!' Ten years have been faithfully and laboriously spent by the editor in the preparation of this work. We doubt not the statement; yea, ten years more of ardent study, in minute and patient collation would have enjoyed a rich reward. The original plan has not been completed, 'sed volenti vires naturæ deficiunt, et anni senescentes nobis tam ardua, quamvis desideranda, recusant.'

We might have entered more fully into the varied sections of this excellent work, but our limits forbid. What fault it has appears to be principally in the selection of illustrative clauses, not so apposite and pertinent as might in all cases be desired. Clauses of the New Testament, needing no illustration, may occasionally too have an exuberance of it, repeated at every opportunity. The Greek is printed without accents, which gives a tame and unscholarly appearance to the pages. Yet the printing and execution of the work are neat, accurate, and elegant. But so happy are we at finding such a contribution to the exposition of the sacred oracles, that we welcome it with sincere satisfaction, and are by no means desirous of exposing any trivial fault in a book which in plan is so judicious and seasonable, and in preparation must have cost such time and pains. To its minor defects the editor is sensible himself, and places his apology before the competent scholar. He has trodden a path which we urge all students to prosecute. If he has not secured every advantage, others coming after him may seize them. It is an honour to be first in an enterprize, even though successors may reap ampler rewards. The Septuagint has indeed been often referred to, but the idea of such a compilation as this, is novel. Students without the requisite means of extended investigation, will find it a safe guide. We hope it will imbue many

with the love of searching the Septuagint, (we have all along called it by its best known name, though it sprang from a romantic falsehood,) and initiate them into the best mode of applying its peculiar style to the study of that book, which contains the last revelation from heaven. Such results are contemplated by the editor, and we trust his desires may be accomplished. We thank and honour him for this self-interpreting New Testament—self-interpreting in the best and truest sense of the term. May he live to conclude in the same pious spirit, and with equal success, his projected undertaking. He has not obtruded his name on the title-page, he has only recorded it at the end of his preface; but Mr. Grinfield may rely upon the approbation of him to whom this book is humbly dedicated, and for the advancement of whose cause it has been specially intended. ‘Tibi, interea, Deus Opt. Max. pro valetudine et viribus animi corporisque hosce inter longos labores concessis, gratias maximas nos tenues agimus. Tibi, omnes conatus nostros, quantulicunque sint, ad Ecclesiæ Catholicæ profectum et ad crucis Christi gloriam, supplices lubentesque dicatos et consecratos volumus.’

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- Art. IV. 1. *The Neighbours: A Story of Every-Day Life.* 2 vols.  
 2. *The Home, or Family Cares and Family Joys.* 2 vols.  
 3. *The President's Daughters, and Nina.* 3 vols.  
 4. *A Diary, and Strife and Peace.* 2 vols. By Frederika Bremer.  
 Translated by Mary Howitt. London: Longman and Co.

FAR too little attention has hitherto been paid to the changes which from time to time pass over our popular literature. This, however, is not surprising, if we remember how little attention has hitherto been paid to that literature itself, by those who claim to be the leaders of opinion and taste. Addressing itself to the multitude, exhibiting the peculiarities of the day,—often tinged too with the prevailing foibles and errors of the generation which it seeks to amuse,—popular literature has been looked upon, not merely by learned men, but even by some deep thinkers, of as little importance as the worn-out garment, or the passing gossip of a bygone age. A more philosophical spirit is now beginning to prevail; for a closer enquiry has shewn the inseparable connexion between the character of a people, and that of its popular literature; that the ballad, the legend, the romance, the novel, supply traits of national character, and exhibit the peculiarities of national mind, with a force, a truthfulness, and minuteness, which the enquirer could obtain from no other source.



And that this should be the case, is so natural,—we had almost said, so self-evident,—that we feel astonished how the importance of this class of literature should not have been fully recognized, not only by the philosopher, but by the moralist himself. If we only turn to the novels of the past century, however unfit some of them may be for general amusement, we shall find, that each, and all, are most valuable auxiliaries to the philosophical historian,—to the writer who feels that history has been hitherto by far too exclusively the record of courts and camps, rather than that of the human race.

How fully and clearly is the formal, passionless, yet comfortable *dolce far niente*, every-day life, of the more respectable classes, about a hundred years ago, mirrored forth to us in Richardson's 'Sir Charles Grandison,' and 'Pamela;' and the coarse profligacy of the squirearchy, the vulgarity and gross ignorance of the country parsons, the general laxity of morals, the debased standard both of religious and intellectual attainment, painted in Fielding's and Smollett's novels? Drawing nearer to our own times, how vividly are the fanciful affectations of the super-delicate ladies, the 'infinitesimal' small-talk of the beaux, and the 'much ado about nothing' of both, depicted in Miss Burney's 'Evelina,' and 'Cecilia?' But a change was at hand. 'The force of' weakness 'could no farther go,' and the French revolution burst like a tremendous storm, and shook society to its foundations. Then arose deep thoughts of social rights, and earnest, and passionate questioning of the future; and these again are reflected with mirror-like truthfulness, in gifted, but unhappy, Mary Wollstonecraft's novel, 'Woman's Wrongs,' and in Godwin's singular, but most powerful—most painfully powerful—'Caleb Williams.'

But the first shock of the French revolution passed over; and the popular mind again sunk into inanity, and a mawkish sentimentality prevailed. And how truthfully is this state of the popular taste—when Wordsworth and Coleridge were viewed as half fools, half madmen; when Dr. Blair, with his criticisms and his sermons, was the 'magnus Apollo' of a generation, spoon-fed with the very thinnest intellectual water-gruel—how truthfully is this state depicted in 'The Children of the Abbey,' 'Delicate Distresses,' and such like; the very essence of silliness, which, under the name of the 'Minerva Library Novels,' are not, even now, quite forgotten.

A better seed had, however, been sown. The lake poets, through evil report, we can scarcely add, 'through good report,' also, laboured on, shewing, that much which might charm the poet, and interest the philosopher, could be found 'in huts where poor men lie;' and then, clear-sighted, clever Maria Edge-

worth introduced the Irish peasant, and the Irish shopkeeper, into her pleasant tales, and readers soon began to find, that pictures of real life, were actually more amusing than vapid sketches of lords and ladies, living among impossibly good or bad people, and undergoing all manner of impossible adventures. The 'Waverley Novels' completed the change, and from that time, the novel, while it still reflects the peculiarities of our age, and its social condition, has become an important engine; a most important one, for good or for ill.

It is a curious fact, that by a very similar process, popular literature among the chief continental nations, has undergone a like change. In France, Germany, and Italy, the novel is now no longer the mere amusing story, no longer the mere tale of intrigue, and love adventure; nor is it the production solely of writers who have dedicated themselves to what is termed, 'light literature.' The first literary men of the age, have entered this field, and have there stood, prepared to do battle for their favourite opinions; and thus on the continent, as well as among us, we find moral, political, historical, and 'psychological' novels. This last species, indeed, finds greater favour among the readers of 'young Germany,' than among Englishmen; and yet, the novel, has always seemed to us, admirably suited to trace the development of mental and moral character, and to exhibit those workings of 'the inner life,' as the Germans phrase it, which impel the outward conduct. In passing, we may just remark, how characteristic of the *moral* state of each country at the present time, are its novels. The chafing of free spirits under a galling yoke, the scorn of power, unaccompanied by mental or moral worth, the seeking about for rest and finding none; how are these characters of 'young Germany' shewn forth in all its novels. And then, France, what need is there to enquire into the statistics of Parisian crime? when the works of Balzac, Sand, and Eugène Sue, furnish such fearful exhibitions of the deep depravity of its inhabitants? It has, indeed, been a just cause for regret, that in this class of literature, foreign lands have offered so much that was positively evil; so very little of what with the utmost stretch of charity, could be termed even unexceptionable.

It is the widely different character of the works at the head of this article, no less than their high literary excellence, that renders us anxious to call the attention of our readers to them. The first two works on the list, have indeed, already received a short notice and commendation; but they are deserving of a more extended review.

We have been rather amused with the opinions of many of

our contemporaries respecting these Swedish tales. By some they have been compared to the novels of Richardson, by some, to those of Miss Austen; and the term 'homely Frederika Bremer,' has been applied to their author, as though she were the very artist of the kitchen, or the brew-house. We, therefore, took them up, prepared to find much lively and pleasant delineation of homely scenes, and every day people, a sort of Dutch painting, indeed, of common life. And 'common life' certainly, by if that be meant—

‘Some natural tale of joy and pain,  
That hath been, and will be again,’

is delineated in these novels; but there is nothing commonplace;—none of the prosings in which amid their acknowledged excellencies the two before-mentioned writers indulge; but there is much descriptive talent, which strongly reminds us of delightful Miss Mitford, combined with a depth of reflection, and an eloquent earnestness, to which that justly admired writer has no claim.

The tales before us are remarkably simple in their general construction, for the aim of Frederika Bremer, is rather to paint character, than scenes; and turning over the nine volumes before us, we have been struck with the variety of character, of female character especially, which they present. The first of these works, 'The Neighbours,' is in some respects more interesting to the English reader than the others, from its more minute delineation of Swedish manners. 'Ma chere Mere,' with her high opinion of household duties, her quarterly visitation of every nook and corner, from garret to cellar, her strict discipline combined with so much hearty kindness, her strong practical sense, her sententious discourse so plentifully adorned with quaint proverbs, even her violin, and her 'helmet cap,' prove her to be an original with whom Miss Bremer has conversed, and yet she is an original which England in the present day could not produce. The picture of the aged couple too, who celebrate their 'golden marriage,' and the heartfelt congratulations of their fellow townspeople, afford a most favourable glimpse of Swedish domestic life; and the address, presented by the town council to them, brought to our minds the more simple, but more social days of old England, when neighbours strewed flowers in the bride's pathway, or joined in the procession of the Flitch, or welcomed with song and rejoicing—indeed with the selfsame observances—the completion of the fifty years of married life. We may here remark, that the state of society among the middle classes in Sweden, frequently reminds us of the state of the same classes in England during the fifteenth and



sixteenth centuries. The mistress of the family is strictly the 'housewife;' superintending the bakings, and the brewings, the spinning, and the weaving; but still she is not the *mere* housewife; music beguiles her leisure hours, and she talks on French, and German, and English literature, with a feeling that shews a cultivation of mind, certainly beyond what the middle classes of women in England can shew.

The chief character in the second work, 'The Home,' strongly exhibits this; the family belong to the middle classes; and the mother is engaged in household duties, but her sitting room is adorned with paintings, her bookshelf exhibits an interesting collection of works, and her piano is not neglected, although 'citron cream,' and tea-cakes, and sugar-drops, sometimes occupy her morning. The two principal characters of these works, afford indeed a very pleasant picture of the Swedish lady; the lively, hearty Franziska, in the 'Neighbours,' worrying her 'bear' out of his quire of paper, and playing twenty girlish pranks, and then sitting patient and watchful by the bedside of 'ma chere mere;' and the gentle, earnest, poetical mother in the 'Home,' watching the opening minds of her children, and especially that of her 'summer child,' with those mixed feelings of hope and fear, which the delicate health of her darling and gifted boy awaken in her breast.

The most carefully written of Miss Bremer's works is, 'The President's Daughters;' and in this, too, the number and variety of her female characters are admirably arranged and brought out. The beautiful sister Adelaide loved, admired, and sought after; the plain and reserved sister Edla, conscious of her superior powers, but denied a sphere for their development, are in admirable contrast. The elegant Countess Natalie, rich in everything but feeling; the poor neglected Clara, rich in this alone, are another admirably contrasted pair; while the strong good sense and practical wisdom of Miss Greta, and the poetic imaginings of the gifted, but too highly wrought, Angelica, form a third pair of contrasts. Let not the reader, however, suppose that these contrasts are brought out formally; on the contrary, there are few writers who bring their various characters before us, with the ease and simplicity of Frederika Bremer. The quiet, matter of fact, propriety-loving, President, is admirably drawn too. Many of our readers will recognize his arguments against giving daughters a learned education. 'Women should remain in their own sphere, they should follow their destination' says the President, when urged to allow his daughter Edla opportunities for study: but the manner in which Mademoiselle Rounquist answers them, speaks well for the superior education of women in Sweden.

The President is at length persuaded by good Mademoiselle Rönquist to yield to Edla's wishes ; and the gradual development of her mind is painted with great force and eloquence in the subsequent chapters. A character somewhat similar to Edla, is Petrea, in 'The Home;' and she also chooses a single life, and one of contemplation—indeed, this class of character seems to be a favorite one with Frederika Bremer.

After fourteen years the same party assemble together at the marriage of the President with the still lovely countess ; and from the friendly gossip of Baron H. and Miss Greta, in the intervals between ices, jellies, and the superb supper, we learn all the changes that have taken place. The beautiful little twin Nina has now become a lovely young woman, and might have been a happy one, but for the dark shadow which Count Ludwig, one of the most unnatural of Miss Bremer's characters, casts over her prospects. Baron H——, by the way, one of the most natural male characters in the book, and Miss Greta, however, make sunshine with their quiet humour, and most characteristic courtship, which at length ends in marriage ; and the third volume exhibits the President setting out for a warmer climate, attended by the noble-minded Edla ; and the other *dramatis personæ*, assembled at the country seat of the countess in Nordland. The following extract, characteristic alike of Swedish customs, and of the general and practical feeling of the writer, although long, we must find space for :—

' They say in the north, that 'nature sleeps,' but this sleep resembles death ; like death, it is cold and ghastly, and would obscure the heart of man, did not another light descend at the same time, if it did not open to the heart a warmer bosom and animate it with its life. In Sweden they know this very well, and whilst every thing sleeps and dies in nature, all is set in motion in all hearts and homes for the celebration of a festival. Ye know it well, ye industrious daughters of home, ye who strain your hands and eyes by lamplight quite late into the night to prepare presents. You know it well, you sons of the house, you who bite your nails in order to puzzle out 'what in all the world' you shall choose for Christmas presents. Thou knowest it well, thou fair child, who hast no other anxiety, than lest the Christman should lose his way and pass by thy door. You know it well, you fathers and mothers, with empty purses and full hearts : ye aunts and cousins of the great and immortal race of needle-women and workers in wool—ye welcome and unwelcome uncles and male cousins, ye know it well, this time of mysterious countenances and treacherous laughter ! In the houses of the rich, fat roasts are prepared and dried fish ; sausages pour forth their fat, and tarts puff themselves up ; nor is there any hut so poor as not to have at this time a sucking-pig squeaking in it, which must endeavour, for the greater part, to grow fat with its own good humour.

'It is quite otherwise with the elements at this season. The cold reigns despotically; it holds all life fettered in nature; restrains the heaving of the sea's bosom; destroys every sprouting grass blade; forbids the birds to sing and the gnats to sport; and only its minister, the powerful north wind, rolls freely forth into grey space, and takes heed that every thing keeps itself immoveable and silent. The sparrows only—those optimists of the air—remain merry, and appear by their twittering to announce better times.

'At length comes the darkest moment of the year; the midnight hour of nature; and suddenly light streams forth from all habitations, and emulates the stars of heaven. The church opens its bosom full of brightness and thanksgiving, and the children shout full of gladness, 'It is Christmas! it is Christmas!' Earth sends her hallelujah on high!'

'And wherefore this light, this joy, this thanksgiving?' 'A child is born!' A child? In the hour of night, in a lowly manger, he has been born; and angels have also sung, 'Peace on earth!' This is the festival which shall be celebrated—and well may ye, you dear children, sound forth your cries of joy; Welcome, even though unconsciously, the hour in which this friend, this brother, was born to you; who shall guide you through life, who shall lighten the hour of death to you, and who one day shall verify all the dreams of your childhood; who shall stand beside you in necessity and care, and shall help to answer the great questions of life. Rejoice ye happy children, whom he blesses! Rejoice, and follow after him! He is come to lead you and all of us to God!

'These are inexhaustible, love-inspiring, wonderful, entrancing thoughts, in which man is never weary of plunging. The sick soul bathes in them as in a Bethesda, and is made whole; and in them the healthy find an elevating life's refreshment. Of this kind are thoughts on that child—his poverty, his lowliness, his glory!' — *President's Daughters*, vol. iii. pp. 6—9.

The many pictures of Swedish life, and Swedish scenery, render this third volume more interesting to us than the two preceding; and more interesting, because more characteristic, than even that pleasing story of 'The Home.' Here is the spectacle of 'the sun at midnight':—

'At Mattaränghe, in the parish of Tortula, not far from Tornea, the travellers had engaged rooms. From one of the hills there they proposed to view the solemn spectacle. The whole inn was surrounded by tents. Numbers of Lapland families, half wild hordes from Finnmark, stream at this season of midsummer towards this country, in order to feast here three days by the light of the never-descending sun, to play, to dance, and to go to church. Here the Frenchman saw with rapture, not indeed the originals of Victor Hugo's tragedy, but wild, strange, original shapes, with little twinkling eyes and broad hairy breasts, the miserable children of want and wretchedness, whose state of culture and inward life no romance writer has truly represented; because, indeed, the romance built on the reality of this district would turn out tolerably



meagre, and because love, this marrow of all romances, knows here no nobler, fairer aim than that which Helvetius would vainly attribute to it. The spirit of the earth holds the people here in captivity, and mole-like they creep only in the sand and about the roots of the tree of life. Sometimes, however, in their clear winter nights, by the indescribable splendour of the snow and of the stars, when they fly forth in their snow-shoes to chase the bear and the reindeer, then awakens in their bosoms a higher life,—then breathe they to pensive airs deep and affectionate feelings in simple beautiful love-songs. But they soon relapse again into their dark Laplandish night.

‘In the mean time the German was in the third heaven at this sight, and at its lively contrast with the civilized world. Lady Louisa found all this ‘rather curious,’ and noted it down in her journal.

‘The weather—strange enough—favoured all the undertakings of the travellers. The sky was clear, and a silent midnight saw all our travellers assembled in glad sunshine on one of the green hills. Slowly descended the sun; it extinguished one beam after another. All eyes followed it. Now it sank—lower—ever lower;—suddenly, however, it stood still, as if upheld by an invisible hand. Nature seemed, like them, to be in anxious suspense; not an insect moved its humming wing; all was silent; a death-like stillness reigned, while the sun, glowing red, threw a strange light over the earth. O wonderful almighty power! It began now again slowly to ascend; it clothed itself again with beams, like a pure glorified spirit; it became every moment more dazzling.

‘A breath! and nature lives, and the birds sing again!—Ib. pp. 170-2.

The conclusion of this interesting tale is painful and disappointing. The marriage of Nina to Count Ludwig is an absolute injustice, which we wonder Frederika Bremer’s clear mind did not intuitively perceive. There is also rather too much of the Quietist doctrine of the necessity, not only of deep suffering, but of welcoming it as a thing in itself good—a doctrine which has done, we think, much injury to religion among a certain class of characters. It were well if its advocates would remember, that scripture has said, ‘Now no suffering for *the present* seemeth to be joyous, but grievous;’ and that it is its *after* effects that produce ‘the peaceable fruits of righteousness.’ The conclusion of ‘The Home’ is certainly managed better than that of ‘The President’s Daughters.’ The regrets of the mother over the loss of her ‘summer child’ are softened by the sight of the happy circle around her, and we feel that although willing to meet again her darling first-born, she cannot hail death as her only refuge from misery. But for Nina, we feel that her hopes are so wholly crushed, and her future so dark, that death would indeed be her best friend.

The lugubrious, however, is not Frederika Bremer’s favorite style, her mind is too strong, her perceptions too clear; above

all, she possesses too bright a well-spring of poetic feeling,—to look abroad on creation with sorrowful eyes, and refuse to pronounce it ‘good.’ And in a pleasant, spring-tide spirit are her two last tales written. The first, entitled ‘A Diary,’ is the record of a lady who, after a ten years’ absence, returns to Stockholm, on a visit to her mother-in-law. The following picture of the new year’s ball at the Exchange, may well excite surprise in England. What would be said if Queen Victoria and her court paid an annual visit to Guildhall? not to sit listlessly under a crimson canopy, and talk only with her own court attendants, but to walk about conversing freely with all—and Prince Albert to begin the first quadrille with the daughter of some city tradesman? And yet this is done in Sweden. This ‘new year’s ball’ is held in the Exchange, and the nobles take their seats at the upper part, the mercantile classes lower down, and the arrival of the royal family is the signal for the ball to begin.

‘Slowly now began the quadrille to form itself at the upper end of the saloon. The royal chamberlains had gone round, and given out gracious invitations in the name of the illustrious guests. Now the Crown-princess, majestic and glittering with jewels, was seen to open the quadrille with Baker N., a little, stout old man, whose good-tempered polite behaviour shews how easily true moral education effaces every distinction in all, even in the greatest difference of ranks.

‘The Crown-prince danced with a young lady of the citizen class; and Prince Carl with —, our little new friend, who had feared so much that this evening she should not dance at all, and who now, on the hand of the young prince, beamed with the charm of youth and innocent lovely delight.

‘She was pointed out as the eldest daughter of the wholesale dealer M—. In my own mind I saw her thinking, ‘what will my sisters say to this!’

‘Towards eleven the royal party went out into the large ante-room on the right, to receive and reply to the compliments of the diplomatic corps. When they again entered the saloon they began to make the great round of it, and I actually pitied them for the many unmeaning words which they must address to and hear from the many hundreds of people unknown to them. Yet the procession was beautiful and splendid to look at. The gorgeous dress of the Queen (she was almost covered with jewels) and her courteous demeanour occasioned deep bows and curtsies; people looked up with so much pleasure to the high and noble figures of the Crown-princess and her husband, and nobody noticed without joy and hope, the two young tall-grown slender princes; the one so brown and manly, the other fair and mild, and both with the bloom of unspoiled youth upon their fresh countenances.

‘My eye, however, rivetted itself especially upon the Crown-princess. I remember so well, how I saw her twenty years ago make her entry as bride into Stockholm; how I saw her sitting in the gilded coach with

transparent glass windows ; the delicate figure in a dress of silver gauze, a crown of jewels on her head, with cheeks so rosy, and eyes so heavenly blue, so beaming, greeting the people who filled the streets and houses, and thronged themselves around her carriage, and with an unceasing peel of shouted huzzas saluted in her the young lovely hope of the country. She was the sun of all eyes, and the sun of heaven looked out in pomp above her. Certainly, the heart of the young princess must have beaten high at this universal homage of love and joy—at this triumphal procession into the country—into the hearts of the people. Life has not many moments of such intense splendour.

‘ Signora Luna has told me, that when towards the end of the procession through the city, the princely bride came before the royal castle, and the carriage drove thundering through the high arched gateway, she suddenly bowed her head. When she raised it again her eyes were full of tears—with still devotion entered she her future habitation.

‘ I thought of all this as the royal train approached us by degrees. I thought how the hopes which the young princess had then awakened, were fulfilled ; how her life since then had passed ; thought how she had worked on in quiet greatness, as wife and mother—as the protectress of noble manners—as the promoter of industry—as the helper of the poor and suffering ; as she now stood there an honour to her religion, to the land where she was born—to the people who now called her theirs,—and I loved and honoured her from the depths of my heart. I thought that I saw in her large expressive eyes that she felt the annoyance of the empty speeches which she had to make and to hear, and it seemed to me absurd, that merely for the sake of etiquette, that not one cordial word should this evening reach her ear. I therefore let my heart emancipate itself, and greeted her with a ‘ God bless your Highness ! ’ The large eyes looked at me with some amazement, which, however, now took a colouring of friendship, as she pleasantly greeting us, past by and paused at Selma, whom she knew, and with whom she spoke with the utmost familiarity for some time, pleased, as it seemed, with the graceful and easy manner of my young sister. The Queen and my stepmother spoke French together, as if they had been youthful acquaintance. The Crown-prince talked with Lennartson, who now for some time had joined himself to us.’—*A Diary*, vol. i. pp. 120, 126-8.

We have something to learn from Sweden :—something, indeed, to learn from days of yore in our own land ; for then there was a far freer interchange of friendly and familiar intercourse among different ranks, than we meet with in the present day. The history of society in most peoples’ minds goes no farther back than the days of the Tudors, and then commenced ‘ right royal’ formalities ; but in the days of our nobler Plantagenets it was not so, kings and queens mingled in the pastimes of the people.

The following anecdote illustrative of ‘ Finnish obstinacy,’ is interesting.

‘ When the Russians, in the year 1809, conquered Finland, there



lived in the city of Wasa, two brothers, one the judge of the court of justice, the other a merchant, who, when the residents of the city were compelled to swear an oath of fidelity to the Emperor of the Russias, alone and stedfastly refused it.

‘ ‘ We have sworn an oath of fidelity to the King of Sweden, and unless he himself released us from it, we cannot swear obedience to another ruler,’ remained their constant answer to all persuasions, as well friendly as threatening. Provoked by this obstinacy, and fearing the example which would be given by it, the Russians threw the stiff-necked brothers into prison and threatened them with death. Their answer remained always the same, to the increasing severity and multiplied threats of the Russians. At length the sentence of death was announced to them, as well as that, on a fixed day, they were to be conducted out to the Gallows-hill, and there be executed as criminals, in case their obstinacy did not give way and they took the required oath. The brothers were immovable. ‘ Rather,’ replied the judge, in the name of both, ‘ will we die, than become perjured.’

‘ At this answer, a powerful hand struck the speaker on the shoulder. It was the Cossack who kept watch over the brothers, and now exclaimed with a kindling glance, ‘ Dobra kamerade’ (‘ bravo comrade!’)

‘ The Russian authorities spoke otherwise, and on the appointed day permitted the brothers to be carried out to the place of execution. They were sentenced to be hanged ; but yet once more at this last hour, and for the last time, pardon was offered them if they would but consent to that which was required from them.

‘ ‘ No!’ replied they, ‘ hang, hang ! We are brought hither not for speech-making, but to be hanged.’

‘ This stedfastness softened the hearts of the Russians. Admiration took place of severity, and they rewarded the fidelity and courage of the brothers with magnanimity. They presented them not merely with life, but sent them free and safely over to Sweden, to the people and to the king to whom they had been true to the death. The King of Sweden elevated them to the rank of nobles, and after this they lived greatly esteemed in the capital of Sweden to a great age.’—*Ib.* pp. 188-9.

The ‘ Finnish obstinacy’ of the heroine of the ‘ Diary’ is, however, not quite so enduring as that of the brothers ; for it yields to the ardent love of the Viking Brenner, and the story closes with her taking charge of his household, and his six small children.

The last tale, ‘ Strife and Peace,’ places us in Norway, among its simple, strong-minded, deep-hearted people.

The following little scene introduces the hero and heroine of the tale. Susanna is feeding her poultry—she is a haughty Swede—Harald a no less haughty Norwegian.

‘ In that very moment a strong voice just beside her broke forth—

‘ How glorious is my fatherland,  
The old sea-circled Norroway!’

‘And the steward, Harald Bergman, greeted smilingly Susanna, who said rather irritated—

‘ ‘ You scream so, that you frighten the doves with your old Norway.’

‘ ‘ Yes,’ continued Harald, in the same tone of inspiration—

‘ Yes, glorious is my fatherland,  
The ancient rock-bound Norway ;  
With flowery dales, crags old and grey,  
That spite of time eternal stand !’

‘ ‘ Old Norway,’ said Susanna as before ; ‘ I consider it a positive shame to hear you talk of your old Norway, as if it were older and more everlasting than the Creator himself !’

‘ ‘ And where in all the world,’ exclaimed Harald, ‘ do you find a country with such a proud, serious people ; such magnificent rivers, and such high, high mountains ?’

‘ ‘ We have, thank God, men and mountains also in Sweden,’ said Susanna ; ‘ you should only see them ; that is another kind of thing !’

‘ ‘ Another kind of thing ! What other kind of thing ? I will wager that there is not a single goose in Sweden which could compare with our excellent Norway geese.’

‘ ‘ No, not one, but a thousand, and all larger and fatter than these. Every thing in Sweden is larger and more excellent than in Norway.’

‘ ‘ Larger ? The people are decidedly smaller and weaker.’

‘ ‘ Weaker ? smaller ? you should only see the people in Uddevalla ? my native city !’

‘ ‘ How can anybody be born in Uddevalla ? Does anybody really live in that city ? How can anybody live in it ? It is a shame to live in such a city ! it is a shame also only to drive through it. It is so miserably small, that when the wheels of the travelling-carriage are at one end, the horse has already put his head out at the other. Do not talk about Uddevalla !’

‘ ‘ No, with you it certainly is not worth while to talk about it, because you have never seen anything else besides Norwegian villages, and cannot, on that account, form any idea to yourself of a proper Swedish city.’

‘ ‘ Defend me from ever seeing such cities—defend me ! And then your Swedish lakes ! what wretched puddles they are, beside our glorious Norwegian ocean !’

‘ ‘ Puddles ! Our lakes ! Great enough to drown the whole of Norway in !’

‘ ‘ Ha, ha, ha ! And the whole of Sweden is beside our Norwegian ocean no bigger than my cap ! And this ocean would incessantly flow over Sweden, did not our Norway magnanimously defend it with its granite breast.’

‘ ‘ Sweden defends itself, and needs no other help ! Sweden is a fine country !’

‘ ‘ Not half as fine as Norway. Norway reaches heaven with its mountains ; Norway comes nearest to the Creator.’

‘ ‘ Norway may well be presumptuous, but God loves Sweden the best.’

‘ ‘ Norway, say I !’

‘ ‘ Sweden, say I !’

‘ ‘ Norway ! Norway for ever ! We will see whose throw goes the highest, who wins for his country. Norway first and highest !’ and with this, Harald threw a stone high into the air.

‘ ‘ Sweden first and last !’ exclaimed Susanna, whilst she slung a stone with all her might.

Fate willed it that the two stones struck against each other in the air, after which they both fell with a great plump down into the spring around which the small creatures had assembled themselves. The geese screamed ; the hens and ducks flew up in terror ; the turkey-hens flew into the wood, where the turkey-cock followed them, forgetting all his dignity ; all the doves had vanished in a moment,—and with crimsoned cheeks and violent contention as to whose stone went the highest, stood Harald and Susanna alone beside the agitated and muddied water of discord.’—vol. ii. pp. 69—72,

From this day forward there is strife, a strife such as Benedict and Beatrice waged, and of which Shakespere told us long ago ; a strife which brings out the noble qualities of each disputant, who fall in love, even while professing bitter hostility. The whole of this part is admirably written, and the quiet humour with which Harald’s pretended extravagancies are told, shows that Miss Bremer’s *forte* is not merely in the pathetic. But the ‘ strife’ was not without occasional peace.

‘ At intervals the spirit of peace also turned towards them, although as a timid dove, which is always ready soon to fly away hence. When Susanna spoke, as she often did, of that which lived in the inmost of her heart ; of her love to her little sister, and the recollections of their being together ; of her longings to see her again, and to be able to live for her as a mother for her child,—then listened Harald ever silently and attentively. No jeering smile nor word came to disturb these pure images in Susanna’s soul. And how limningly did Susanna describe the little Hulda’s beauty ; the little white child, as soft as cotton-wool, the pious blue eyes, the white little teeth, which glanced out whenever she laughed like bright sunshine, which then lay spread over her whole countenance ; and the golden locks which hung so beautifully over forehead and shoulders, the little pretty hands, and temper and heart lively, good, affectionate ! Oh ! she was in short an angel of God ! The little chamber, which Susanna inhabited with her little Hulda, and which she herself had changed from an unused lumber-room into a pretty chamber, and whose walls she herself painted, she painted now from memory yet once more for Harald ; and how the bed of the little Hulda was surrounded with a light-blue muslin curtain, and how a sunbeam stole into the chamber in the morning, in order to shine on the pillow of the child, and to kiss her little curly head. How roguish was the little one when Susanna came in late at night to go to bed, and cast her first glance on the bed in which her darling lay. But she saw her not, for Hulda drew her little head under the coverlet to hide herself from her sister. Susanna then would pretend



to seek for the little one ; but she needed only to say with an anxious voice, ' where—ah, where is my little Hulda ? ' in order to decoy forth the head of the little one, to see her arms stretched out, and to hear her say, ' here I am, Sanna ! here is thy little Hulda ! ' And she had then her little darling in her arms, and pressed her to her heart ; then was Susanna happy, and forgot all the cares and the fatigues of the day.

' At the remembrance of these hours Susanna's tears often flowed, and prevented her remarking the tearful glow which sometimes lit up Harald's eyes.'—*Ib.* pp. 95, 96.

The arrival of Harald's sister, Alette, a young woman of superior talents, and carefully educated, awakens poor Susanna's anxieties ; and not without jealousy does the strong-minded and upright, but uncultivated Swedish maiden, watch the graceful movements, and fascinating manners of the new comer. One evening, when assembled in the sitting-room, an animated conversation arises, on the discovery of America, and the prophet's spirit which guided Columbus in his discovery of a new world—topics which prove the high cultivation of the Norwegians, even among the agricultural classes ; Alette expresses herself with much eloquence, while poor Susanna sits unnoticed. But Susanna is religious, and the struggle of her better nature, and its victory, are beautifully painted.

' Great and beautiful scenes had, during the foregoing conversation, arisen before her view ;—she felt herself so little, so poor beside them. Ah ! she could not once speak of the great and beautiful, for her tongue was bound. She felt so warmly, and yet could warm no one ! The happy Alette won without trouble, perhaps even without much valuing it, a regard, an approval, which Susanna would have purchased with her life. The Barbra-spirit boiled up in her, and with a reproachful glance to heaven she exclaimed, ' Shall I then for my whole life remain nothing but a poor despised maid-servant ? '

' The heaven looked down on the young maiden mildly but smilingly ; soft rain-drops sprinkled her forehead ; and all nature around her stood silent, and, as it were, in sorrow. This sorrowing calm operated on Susanna like the tenderly accusing glance of a good mother. She looked down into her heart, and saw there envy and pride, and she shuddered at herself. She gazed down into the stream which waved beneath her feet, and she thought with longing, ' O that one could but plunge down, deep, deep into these waves, and then arise purified—improved ! '

' But already this wish had operated like a purifying baptism on Susanna's soul ; and she felt fresh and light thoughts ascend within her. ' A poor maid-servant ! ' repeated now Sanna ; ' and why should that be so contemptible a lot ? The Highest himself has served on earth ; served for all, for the very least ; yes, even for me. O ! '—and it became continually lighter and warmer in her mind—' I will be a true maid-servant, and place my honour in it, and desire to be nothing else !

Charm I cannot ; beauty and genius, and beautiful talents, I have not ; but—I can love and I can serve, and that will I do with my whole heart, and with all my strength, and in all humility ; and if men despise me, yet God will not forsake the poor and faithful maid-servant !

‘ When Susanna again cast her tearful eyes on the ground, they fell on a little piece of moss, one of those very least children of nature, which in silence and unheeded pass through the metamorphoses of their quiet life. The little plant stood in fresh green, on its head hung the clear rain-drops, and the sun which now shone through the clouds, glittered in them.

‘ Susanna contemplated the little moss, and it seemed to say to her : ‘ See thou ! though I am so insignificant, yet I enjoy the dew of heaven and the beams of the sun, as fully as the roses and the lilachs of the garden !’ Susanna understood the speech of the little plant, and grateful and calmed, she repeated many times to herself, with a species of silent gladness—‘ a humble, a faithful maid-servant !’—ib pp. 169-171.

From henceforth Susanna goes on in her appointed round of simple duties, unconscious of the improvement of her mind, and the increasing delight with which she is viewed, both by the lady to whom she acts as housekeeper, and by Harald, whose ‘ strife’ now assumes a more playful form. In the sequel, a journey to Bergen is undertaken, and the travellers would have perished in the snow-storm, but for the energy and faithful service of Susanna. This, however, costs her dear, and after an illness of many months, she returns with Mrs. Astrid, but prepared to bid her farewell.

‘ They arrived now in Semb, and were greeted by Alfiero with barkings of clamorous delight.—Susanna, with a tear in her eye, greeted and nodded to all beloved acquaintances, both people and animals.

‘ The windows in Mrs. Astrid’s room stood open, and through them were seen charming prospects over the dale, with its azure stream, its green heights and slopes, and the peaceful spire of its church in the background. She herself stood, as in astonishment, at the beauty of the grove, and her eyes flashed as she exclaimed—

‘ See Susanna ! Is not our dale beautiful ? And will it not be beautiful to live here, to make men happy, and be happy oneself ?’

‘ Susanna answered with a hasty yes, and left the room. She felt herself ready to choke, and yet once more arose Barbra in her, and spoke thus—

‘ Beautiful ? Yes, for her. She thinks not of me ; troubles herself not the least about me ? Nor Harald neither ! The poor maid-servant, whom they had need of in the mountain journey, is superfluous in the dale. She may go ; they are happy now ; they are sufficient to themselves. Whether I live or die, or suffer, it is indifferent to them. Good ! I will therefore no longer trouble them. I will go, go far, far from here. I will trouble myself no farther about them ; I will forget them as they forget me.’

‘ But tears, notwithstanding, rolled involuntarily over Susanna’s cheeks, and the Barbra wrath ran away with them, and Sanna resumed—

‘ ‘ Yes, I will go : but I will bless them wherever I go. May they find a maid equally faithful, equally devoted ! May they never miss Susanna ! And then, my little Hulda, then my darling and sole joy, soon will I come to thee. I will take thee into my arms, and carry thee to some still corner, where undisturbed I may labour for thee. A bit of bread and a quiet home, I shall find sufficient for us both. And when my heart aches, I will clasp thee to me, thou little soft child, and thank God that I have yet some one on earth whom I can love, and who loves me !’

‘ Just as Susanna finished this ejaculation, she was at the door of her room. She opened it—entered—and stood dumb with astonishment. Were her senses yet confused, or did she now first wake out of year-long dreams ? She saw herself again in that little room in which she had spent so many years of her youth, in that little room which she herself had fitted up, had painted and embellished, and had often described to Harald ;—and there by the window stood little Hulda’s bed, with its flowery coverlet, and blue muslin hangings, This scene caused the blood to rush violently to Susanna’s heart, and, out of herself, she cried—‘ Hulda ! my little Hulda !’

‘ Here I am, Sanna ! Here is thy little Hulda !’ answered the clear joyous voice of a child, and the coverlet of the bed moved, and an angelically beautiful child’s head peeped out, and two small white arms stretched themselves towards Susanna. With a cry of almost wild joy Susanna sprang forward, and clasped the little sister in her arms.

‘ Susanna was pale, wept and laughed, and knew not for some time what went on around her. But when she had collected herself, she found herself sitting on Hulda’s bed, with the child folded in her arms, and over the little, light-locked head, lifted itself a manly one, with an expression of deep seriousness and gentle emotion.

‘ ‘ Entreat Susanna, little Hulda,’ said Harald, ‘ that she bestow a little regard on me, and that she does not say nay to what you have granted me ; beg that I may call little Hulda my daughter, and that I may call your Susanna, my Susanna !’

‘ ‘ O yes ! That shalt thou, Susanna !’ exclaimed little Hulda, while she with child-like affection threw her arms about Susanna’s neck, and continued zealously : ‘ O, do like him, Susanna ! He likes thee so much ; that he has told me so often, and he has himself brought me hither to give thee joy.’—ib. pp. 258—261.

We have been rather unsparing in our extracts, but amid so much that is excellent, it is difficult to determine what to leave out, and it is long indeed since we have met with seven volumes so replete with amusement and instruction—instruction of the highest and most delightful kind. The genius of the far north has often, in the earlier periods of our history, exercised a brotherly influence upon us, for the Scandinavian and the Englishman alike derive their origin from the great Teutonic family ; and thus the heroes and heroines of Swedish



life, appear to us as kinsfolk, wearing a slightly different garb, and speaking perhaps a slightly different language, but true in tastes, and home feeling to the people of our land. 'Sweden is a poor but noble country,' says Frederika Bremer, 'England is a rich and noble one; but in spirit they are sisters, and should know each other as such.' In this declaration we heartily join, and as heartily thank the author for her delightful tales:—many valuable gifts have we received from our northern brethren, but few more valuable than these.

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Art.V. *Arts, Antiquities, and Chronology of ancient Egypt: from observations in 1839.* By George H. Wathen, Architect. With Illustrations from Original Sketches. London: Longman and Co. 1843.

WITH ABRAHAM THE HEBREW, and his brief sojourn in Egypt, the religious interest of that country may be said to begin. Our previous knowledge of it, so far as gathered from the inspired scriptures, may be summed up in three facts: that it was peopled by the descendants of Mizraim, Ham's second son, at a very early period after the dispersion from Babel: that it was resorted to as a corn country; and that it was under the dominion of the Pharaohs. The two latter facts we learn from the narrative of Abraham's journey thither, in Gen. xii., 10—20. Till very recent times, nearly all the light which had been thrown upon its early history was emitted from the Hebrew scriptures, or in those doubtful stories which Herodotus (whom we might call the Grecian Froissart, but that the comparison would be too injurious to the modern) collected with so much pains in their mother-land, and recorded with equal simplicity in his history. What else there was lay buried, for the most part, in grottoes, tombs and ruins—an impenetrable secret, as it seemed, of which the colossal Sphynx was at once the guardian and the symbol. The nether part of Milton's 'SIN' was 'as distinguishable in member, joint, and limb,' as this portion of Egyptian history remained for ages. But of late, these fragments have assumed some appearance of form and organization. Light, long latent, has, by the hand of science, been liberated from the dust, or struck out from the rock, or disentangled from the hieroglyph; and the papyrus, and mummy chest, and 'chamber of imagery,' and obelisk, and slab, and sarcophagus, and ancient native chronicle, genealogy, and tradition, long hopelessly preserved in foreign digests, have been compared together, and with whatever was possessed before of trust-worthy history, have at length filled many a long void with probable

facts and yield fair promise of a much closer approximation to historical completeness.

All this, in common with all who are aware of the importance of the facts which may be considered as already established, we view with the liveliest gratification. There is, and we suppose there always will be, a class of men—we had well nigh said reasoners, and we have no objection to call them such, if our so doing be not understood to imply that we consider them sound reasoners—to whom no ‘sermons’ are good but those they find ‘in stones,’ and to whom a very old inscription recently found or decyphered, or a very new theory composed of very old and previously unconnected materials, is ‘confirmation strong as proof of holy writ,’ and stronger than all those supernatural evidences by which holy writ is attested. To such minds, Egypt supplies, in reference to the various parts of the history of ancient Israel, documents above suspicion; so that he who would have read with a sneer the biblical narrative of Shishak’s invasion of Palestine, will shut his mouth before the commemorative pictures of it at Karnak; and the battle in the plain of Megiddo, at which Josiah fell, through his unadvised opposition to Pharaoh-Necho’s passage to the Euphrates—a mere object for the quibbles of the sceptic, as it is narrated in the Book of Chronicles—is a historical fact, as represented in its issue, or supposed to be so, on the pictured walls of the conqueror’s sepulchre.

Results of this description, constituting the exterior bulwarks of the inspired books of our religion, and therefore of the faith itself, have imparted to Egypt and Petra, in recent times, an interest which may be called religious. And in this way the land where the family of Mizraim settled—where Abraham was a sojourner, and Joseph a captive and a prince—where Israel was in bondage, and Moses was cradled in the rushes—whence Jehovah made a path for his people through the sea, and a way for them amidst deep waters—where their subsequent humiliation was imperishably recorded, in the sealed sepulchres of kings—and where an asylum was found for his incarnate Son, ‘the Child of Bethlehem,’ is only second in historical interest to that favoured one

‘Over whose acres walked those blessed feet  
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed,  
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.’

The work before us is the production of an architect, who visited Egypt, as he tells us in his preface, ‘partly for professional improvement, and partly to satisfy that curiosity to explore her wonders, which, from the times of the venerable historian of Halicarnassus to our own, has attracted so many to her shores.’ It is therefore principally devoted to the arts and

antiquities of the country; and among these, architecture is the prominent subject. The kindred arts of sculpture and painting are dispatched in one section; but five sections are devoted to the architectural monuments of Egypt, besides one which treats of architectural construction. We have met with no account of these ancient monuments so satisfactory as that which Mr. Wathen's volume furnishes. It is succinct, but sufficient. The descriptions, which are themselves very lucid, are further illustrated by several excellent lithographs. Considerable pains have been taken to justify the dates ascribed to those remains whose origin is more than usually obscure. And for the express purpose, as it would seem, of rendering the evidence which is alleged in support of the author's views, as the remains are severally treated, more instructive and satisfactory to the reader, the first part of the work (pp. 28—91) is devoted to the 'Chronology of ancient Egypt,' and this is ushered in with a preliminary chapter 'on the genealogical character of the royal ovals.'

As it is our principal intention, in this paper, to avail ourselves of Mr. Wathen's professional skill in describing some of the most remarkable remains by which Egypt is so distinguished, we shall not allow ourselves to be tempted into any discussion of the various chronological questions mooted in the first part of his work. There is, however, one subject treated of in this part—the age of the pyramids—which is of too great interest to be entirely omitted. On this, therefore, and the more especially on account of the important light which, in our opinion, Mr. Wathen has thrown upon it, we shall give a brief account of his views, and, for the same reasons, we shall extract some thoughts from his preliminary chapter on the genealogical character of the royal ovals. We shall follow the author's order, in taking the latter subject first.

'Two important facts,' says Mr. Wathen, 'have hitherto escaped the notice of Egyptian antiquaries. 1. The construction of the hieroglyphic names and standards of the ancient monarchs bore a remarkable resemblance to the quartering of arms in modern heraldry. On analysing them, we find what is strictly analogous to arms of descent, arms of alliance, arms of adoption, and of dominion. Hence, from the names and standards of a king, we may often learn his extraction, paternal and maternal, and, when descended from the reigning family, what was his claim to the throne. 2. Different physiognomies, each characteristic of a different royal family, are distinctly traceable in the portraits of the kings, preserved on the walls of the ancient monuments. The Egyptian physiognomy, the Ethiopian, and the mixture of the two, may each be plainly recognized. Even the characteristic lineaments of the different families, purely Egyptian, are accurately given.'

'The facts deducible from these two sources confirm and illustrate each other. Together they throw a new light on the whole period of



monumental history, commencing within a few centuries of the flood; render plain and certain what was before doubtful and obscure in notices of ancient Egypt scattered in sacred and profane history; and furnish a clue to the mazes of the Manethonian dynasties. We can now understand why the 'new king' who arose in Egypt 'knew not Joseph' and his family. We can explain how the Ethiopians came to be united with the Egyptians under Shishak's banners in his expedition into Asia, and why Ethiopia was so commonly associated with Egypt by the sacred writers. [Nahum, iii. 8, 9; Isa. xliii. 3; Jer. xlv. 8, 9] We can ascertain, with tolerable accuracy, which were the eighteen Ethiopians who, Herodotus was told, had reigned in Egypt in ancient times. We can explain the dissensions between Amenof III., and Amun-Toonh, the supposed Danaus; can satisfactorily account for the omission of the first king of the nineteenth dynasty from the monumental lists; can discover how the great Ramses [the Remeses] acquired the traditional name of Sesostris; why Nectanebo, nearly the last of the Pharaohs, assumed the prenomen of Osirtasen I., one of the very earliest; and on what the short-lived dynasty that ruled Egypt in Isaiah's time might have rested their claim to be 'the sons of ancient kings,' Isaiah, xix. 11.'

We cannot follow the author through the details by which he illustrates the 'two important facts' above specified. It must suffice to state, that he makes it very probable that the hieroglyphic ovals were genealogical, and that in the first of the two ovals by which the name and style of every Egyptian monarch were expressed, 'were blazoned the bearings derived from the prenomen of the father; in the second, those derived from the second name of the father, or from the name of the mother, or mother's father, or in some cases from the wife, or her father.' This investigation is greatly assisted by the fact, that the ovals comprise the titles of the Roman emperors, some of which, as for example those of Titus, when compared with Vespasian's, and those of Geba and Caracalla, when compared with those of Severus, strongly corroborate the results presented by the earlier ones. Some extant portraits also come in aid. 'Thus the oval of Ames-nofreari, the queen of Amenof I., indicates her descent from Nofre-ftp, or Osirtasen III., a monarch of the Ethiopian race: her portrait displays the lineaments of Cush, and she is painted *black*.' The characteristic physiognomies of different royal families as indicated in the preceding extract, are also rendered obvious by six portraits represented on page 10, and plate 2.\*

\* Mr. Wathen has also given copies of the principal ovals in plate iii. The originals may be seen on the celebrated tablet of Abydos, now in the British Museum, and of which an accurate woodcut occurs in the Religious Tract Society's beautiful and attractive work entitled 'The Antiquities of Egypt,' &c., 1841. The ovals in that cut are not all of them so complete as

The preliminary chapter concludes with an attempt to trace our shields as blazoned by the heralds up to these Egyptian ovals. The author supposes that the templars, and other secret orders, may have obtained it from the Druses of Mount Lebanon, who are 'said to be a Mahommedan sect, founded in the tenth century by the profligate Egyptian sultan, Hakem.' The subject is curious; and the Egyptian origin of heraldry is not improbable, whether it be possible or not to trace it as consecutively as Mr. Wathen has suggested.

Proceeding upon considerations entitled to the greatest attention, our author has in his first part, on the 'Chronology of Ancient Egypt,' assigned a much later date to the pyramids than those to whom we are indebted for our most valuable information respecting the antiquities of that country, have uniformly done. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, in his 'Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians,' published in 1837, says, (vol. i. p. 19)—'The oldest monuments of Egypt, and probably of the world, are the pyramids to the north of Memphis; but the absence of hieroglyphics and of every trace of sculpture, precludes the possibility of ascertaining the exact period of their erection, or the names of their founders. From all that can be collected on this head, it appears that Suphis, and his brother Sensuphis, erected them about the year 2120, B.C.; and the tombs in their vicinity may have been built or cut in the rock shortly after their completion. These present the names of very ancient kings, whom we are still unable to refer to any certain epoch, or to place in the series of dynasties; but whether they were contemporary with the immediate predecessors of Osirtasen, or ruled the whole of Egypt, is a question that I do not as yet pretend to answer.' As Sir Gardner considers that this Osirtasen, usually called the first, was contemporary with the Hebrew Joseph, (being, indeed, the Pharaoh whose prime minister the latter became, vol. i. p. 43) the pyramids were, in his view, erected before the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt; but though he speaks of the shepherd-kings as ruling in Lower Egypt before and during the reign of Osirtasen, he says decidedly that these monuments are 'evidently Egyptian.' He agrees with others, that the Suphis of Manetho is identical with the Cheops of Herodotus, but follows Manetho in ascribing to him a date anterior to the Pharaohs of whom we read in Genesis and Exodus, and holds that Herodotus has 'strangely misplaced' him, in making him posterior to

those given in Mr. Wathen's work, for the tablet has been mutilated since it was first copied. We would recommend this publication of the Tract Society to those who have a taste for antiquities, and regret that we did not possess it in time to give a fuller notice of it.

Sesostris, (Remeses ii.) the builder of the Memnonium at Thebes.

The same early date is assigned to these remarkable monuments by Hales, in his *Chronology*; whose historical comparisons gave him the date of 2095 B.C., as that at which the first pyramid began to be built.' This agreement of Hales with Wilkinson, as it rested upon independent investigations, and embraced not this question only, but the larger one respecting the date and duration of the dynasty of the shepherd kings, had considerable effect in determining the judgment of Mr. Kitto, who has himself travelled in the Levant, and is a diligent and acute antiquary and chronologist, towards the same conclusion, which he has accordingly supported in a note on page 85 of his valuable *History of Palestine*. Mr. Kitto was, in part, influenced by the confirmation given to the same view by the tradition, noticed by Herodotus, 'that at the time the pyramids were erected, a shepherd called Philitis fed his flock in that country, and that his name was given to these renowned erections.' Hence he argues, that as Philitis means a shepherd, these shepherds were the Philistines, a warlike nomade race, who were ruling in Egypt at the time of Abraham's sojourn in the country, but were expelled before Joseph was carried thither, and who then taking possession of the south-western coast of Canaan, gave their name, Pali-sthan, (that is, shepherd-land) first to the district they appropriated, and afterwards to the whole of that country. In the name Pali-sthan, our readers will discover another coincidence in an extract we shall presently place before them. Meanwhile we observe, that this opinion of Hales, Wilkinson, and Kitto, was clearly the most probable of any till Colonel Vyse succeeded in exploring the interior of the first and largest pyramid. This he did in 1837, the year in which Sir Gardner Wilkinson's just-quoted work was published, but several months after it was printed, when some evidence was brought to light, which our author has sufficiently stated and applied in the following argument upon the subject.

'Most modern writers are agreed in referring these extraordinary works to an extremely remote age. According to some they are anterior even to Abraham. Most imagine that Cheops and his successors reigned at that early period; some, however, on the authority of the Greek historians, give this dynasty a much later date, but, resolved that the pyramids shall have an excessive antiquity, will not allow that they founded them. Yet Herodotus and Diodorus, both drawing their information from original Egyptian sources, distinctly state that these were the founders, and that they lived in an age which nearly coincided with that of Solomon. Diodorus, who flourished under Julius Cæsar, says that the great pyramid was built about 1000 years before his time;



and if we count back the reigns of the successors of Cheops as given by Herodotus, the accession of this king will likewise fall into the tenth century before our era. It must not be forgotten, too, that though the slight notices given by these authors of the earlier ages of Egyptian history are extravagant, discordant and interrupted by long chasms, yet after the accession of Cheops their narratives are continuous, consistent in themselves, and, upon the whole, harmonious with each other, and with scripture history. A circumstance related by Herodotus seems conclusive against the notion of the patriarchal antiquity of this dynasty. He tells us that the body of the daughter of Mycerinus, the founder of the third pyramid (not a tyrant like his two predecessors) was deposited in a wooden heifer placed within a superb hall at Sais, and that *when he visited Egypt* costly aromatics were still burnt before it by day, while it was nightly honoured with a splendid illumination.\* Is it conceivable that this wooden heifer, with its golden ornaments and purple trappings, could have withstood the corroding breath of a thousand or fifteen hundred years, or that the honours paid the beloved daughter of Mycerinus should have survived all the revolutions of those long ages?

The opinion which, in opposition to such evidence, assigns to the pyramids a date within a few centuries of the Flood, ought to be supported by unanswerable arguments, and such, I believe, are nowhere to be found. There is, in truth, an atmosphere of mystery overspreading Egyptian antiquity, tincturing every object with the hues of the marvellous, and predisposing us to refer objects and events to the most remote antiquity, until the falsity of the assumption has been demonstrated. The early civilization of the country, the colossal scale of its public works, the interest with which they have been visited and examined in every age, and yet the obscurity in which they have till recently been involved, all conspire to this result. Thus Larcher† constructed his laboured scheme of Egyptian chronology, carrying back the origin of the nation to an extravagantly remote age: his hollow foundation soon sank, and his whole fabric came tumbling to the ground. Thus, too, when Denon found the famous zodiac and planisphere at Denderah, how eagerly the French *savants* caught at the new argument which so triumphantly proved that Egypt was a civilized country long before the Mosaic æra of the Creation! And how soon did that argument vanish under the keen gaze of philosophic truth!

\* He adds that every year the heifer was brought out from its apartment, to comply with the dying request of the princess, that once a year she might behold the sun.—Herod. ii. 132.

† It may be in the recollection of some of our readers that it was this Larcher who, as noticed in a former paper (on Kitto's Palestine, vol. x. p. 553 of the present series), represented the measure which Joseph, under God's direction, advised for the preservation of Egypt from the effects of a seven years famine, as the barbarous counsel of a stranger, who, having married a priest's daughter, left the possessions and privileges of the priesthood untouched while introducing measures which forced all the rest of the nation into slavery. Noticing this subject again thus incidentally, we cannot forbear referring those who consider that the narrative of Joseph's administration, as given in Genesis, was in any respect severe or rapacious, to Mr. Kitto's masterly discussion of it in the above-mentioned work.—REV.

'That the great pyramids are works of a very early date is argued, 1st, from the fact that the names of the kings who founded them occur in the fourth of Manetho's thirty-one dynasties; and that three names somewhat like these occur in the list of Eratosthenes, not very far from the beginning: 2nd, from an incidental remark of Herodotus, that the Egyptians, detesting the memory of their founders, called their pyramids by the name of the shepherd Philitis, who at that time fed his cattle in those parts—a statement, which combined with certain Hindoo traditions, has been supposed by some to connect these works with the ancient shepherd kings: 3rd, from the (supposed) absence of hieroglyphics upon them, whence it has been imagined that they were built before the custom of inscribing public monuments, so universal in the Thebaid, came into use.'

To make room for Mr. Wathen's reply to the third argument, which, as it falls, obviously, more than the other two within the range of his professional studies, we are anxious to give entire, we must content ourselves with an abstract of what he has said upon the first and second.

In answer to the first argument he maintains—that as 'Manetho's own work is lost, and his canon, as given by his copyists, carries back the history of Egypt to a period long before the creation,' the statements attributed to him are not to be entirely relied on; that respecting the earliest dynasties, in particular, the copyists are most obscure and discordant; that Manetho was two centuries later than Herodotus, who wrote within four centuries of the period to which he assigns the founder of the third pyramid; that the discrepancy between the two can be accounted for, if we suppose the names of the 'hated race who built the pyramids' had been expunged from the registers—('a conjecture strongly supported by the *entire* omission of their dynasty, and the period of its duration in the Old Chronicle,')\* in which case, Manetho, compiling from these registers, would omit them in their proper place, while he [or his copyists] might make up the chronological period as a whole, by inserting them in the early and obscurer period; and that, in fact, the Egyptian chronicler himself seems to hint such a transposition, for he observes of this dynasty, that they were 'Memphites of a *different race*,' a description not only unlike in manner to every other in

\* The Old Chronicle was a tablet containing 30 dynasties in 113 descents, and which is preserved in Syncellus's Chronicon. It is described in pages 32 and 33 of Mr. Wathen's work. Our author has also specified in his introductory chapter, and elsewhere, several instances of such erasures as are mentioned in the text above: e.g. that of Amun-neitgori, p. 11, that of Amun-Toonh, 'whose name was ordered to be erased from every monument in the valley of the Nile, from the Mediterranean to the far Ethiopia.' He also refers to an example of this general erasure, which is visible on the granite lion at the British Museum.

his account, but quite uncalled for, unless we suppose some special circumstance, not obvious on the face of document. As to Eratosthenes, if as is generally and with probable correctness admitted, the three names mentioned by him were intended for Cheops and his successors, that circumstance would at once intimate some error in his catalogue. For the canon of Eratosthenes is said to be of 'Theban' kings, and the builders of the pyramid certainly reigned in Lower Egypt.

To the second argument Mr. Wathen replies—that the supposed confirmation of the tradition mentioned by Herodotus, derived from the two Hindoo legends which Lieutenant Welford found in the Vedas, is completely neutralized by Herodotus himself. One of those legends states that the Pali (Shepherds) an Indian race, being expelled their country, migrated to Ethiopia, and settled in a district which corresponds to that of Meroe. The other, 'which is of a more fabulous cast,' speaks of a king who lived in a dark cavern on the banks of the Nile in Ethiopia, whose son Tamovatsa, hearing that Misrasthan or Egypt was suffering from the despotism of a tyrant, subdued him, and reigned in his stead. His grandson Rucmavatsa, 'who also tenderly loved his people, improves the country, and amasses such immense treasure, that he raises three mountains, Rucmadri, Rajatadri, and Retnadri, or the mountains of gold, of silver, and of gems.' From these legends it is inferred that the invasion of Tamovatsa\* was that of the 'shepherds,' and that Rucmavatsa was the founder of the pyramids. But Herodotus had named Cheops and his two next successors as the founders, and that it was the memory of two of these which was so hateful to the Egyptians. These absurd legends, therefore, contradict the tradition, by ascribing (as interpreted for the purposes of this argument) the erection of the pyramids to a single prince, and to one whose memory must have been dear to the people. The other Hindoo tradition, too, contradicts all other historical traditions; for it represents the Pali as passing from Ethiopia to Egypt, while they all agree in making the shepherd invaders come from the north.†

'The last argument, derived from the absence of hieroglyphics, was never of much weight when properly considered, and it has been almost entirely disposed of by the facts brought to light in Col. Vyse's opera-

\* 'According to Josephus, *Timaus* was the name of the Egyptian king whom the shepherds *conquered*: it is maintained that he is identical with *Tamovatsa*, the conquerer in the Hindoo legend, a singular transposition truly.—*Wathen*, p. 56.

† Little weight can be attached to the resemblance between Philitis and Pali. Traces of a people, of a name similar to this, are found in India, in Palestine, in Epirus, and in the north-east of Italy.—*Wathen*, note, p. 58.



tions in 1837. Hieroglyphics have at length been found within the mysterious penetralia of the great pyramid. True they are scrawled upon a rough walled-up chamber—a mere void in the masonry, formed to lessen the load over the roof of the chief apartment. Yet these rude inscriptions fully prove that the hieroglyphic system was in use and perfected when the pyramids were erected. It cannot be answered that they may have been written in an after age, for this chamber was in the midst of solid masonry; the explorers forced their entrance with gun-powder. The hieroglyphics within, must, therefore, be coeval with the structure itself. They appear indeed to have been traced on the stones before they were set in the building. 'Still' it may be urged, 'the tombs at Thebes are covered with hieroglyphics and symbolic paintings, yet the walls of the passages and finished apartments of the pyramids present not a trace of either.' But how different is the Theban tomb from the Memphian pyramid! In a royal sepulchre at Thebes we have spacious halls and corridors excavated in the mountain, and entered through a wide external doorway. Here was no grand front to receive the commemorative inscriptions of the founder. He was obliged, therefore, to place them on the walls *within*. Light entered through the doorway, and threw a glimmering far into the interior. The pyramids, on the contrary, rearing their broad fronts to heaven, offered a magnificent field for *external* hieroglyphic blazonry, which it is not strange the founders preferred to the dark chambers far recessed within, or excavated in the rock beneath the building. We have Herodotus's testimony that the great pyramid in his time bore the inscriptions of Cheops, and some remains of the inclined exterior or casing\* on which these were doubtless graven, but which was removed by the Saracens, have recently been discovered at the base.'

In his closing paragraph, our author speaks in his professional character; and argues from their material and construction the later origin of these imposing edifices. The hieroglyphic evidence to which he refers in the next extract is to the effect that the name which, as we have just seen, was discovered rudely traced in the interior masonry of the great pyramids, occurs in a tomb in the vicinity *next in order* to another oval, which, with the addition of one character, is precisely that of Shebek, (probably the Sethos of Herodotus,) who lived in the eighth century before Christ, and was contemporary with Tirhakah.

'That the pyramids date from the patriarchal age, or are the works of the migratory Hucsos, rests then upon arguments utterly insufficient to invalidate the contrary testimony of Herodotus and Diodorus. That the princes who founded them were powerful and opulent is proved by their having been able to erect such structures. That they governed the whole of Egypt may be inferred from their employing the granite of the

\* This was not formed of slabs, but of massive blocks in successive horizontal courses.

quarries of Syene at the southernmost limit of the country. That before their time the art of building had long been practised in Egypt, and on a mighty scale, is shown by the difficulties of construction, encountered and overcome, and in the excellence of the workmanship, vast blocks being raised hundreds of feet, and put together with admirable precision. A careful comparison of the Old Chronicle and Manetho's canon with scriptural and hieroglyphic evidence will, I think, entirely confirm the statements of the Greek historians, fix the accession of this dynasty to within half a century after the capture of Jerusalem by Shishak, and thus let in light upon this obscure period of Egyptian history, and fill up a hiatus which modern chronologers have been obliged to admit about this time.

Not the least wonder or difficulty connected with these pyramids is, whence came the wealth that paid for their erection? On this point, as well as the preceding, our author's hypothesis is more satisfactory to us than any which is offered by any other theory of their origin. According to Mr. Wathen, they were reared less than half a century after Shishak returned to Egypt with the spoils of Solomon's temple. How great these spoils were, may be gathered from the pages of holy writ\*. It is certainly remarkable that Rhampsinitus, who, according to Herodotus, immediately preceded Cheops, was regarded as the richest of Egyptian kings. 'It was then, the spoils of the temple that furnished Cheops and his successors with the means of raising successively those wonderful structures, the erection of one of which might have drained a kingdom of half its wealth. Thus viewed, they assume a new and deeper interest. They are no longer mere tombs of forgotten kings. They are monuments of the unbounded wealth of Solomon—of the magnificent garniture of the first temple. They record how rich the presents and tribute that then poured into Judea from powerful allies and subject kingdoms. The offerings of the Queen of Sheba, after being treasured up in the temple—carried off by Shishak—hoarded by Rhampsinitus, are now beheld in the indestructible masses of the pyramids!'

We have perused with the closest attention the whole of Mr. Wathen's descriptions of the existing antiquities of Egypt. His 'personal narrative' is well written, and has in part the incidental interest of Belzoni, or Stephens's narrative. Entire reliance may be placed on the accuracy of his architectural descriptions—for the measurements, he sometimes quotes the great

\* 'The weight of gold that came to Solomon in one year was six hundred and three-score and six talents of gold, besides that which the chapmen brought.' 'So Shishak took away the treasures of the house of the Lord, and the treasures of the king's house: he took all.' (2 Chron. ix. 13, 14; and xii. 9). *Wathen*, p. 69.

'*Livre de l'Egypte*'—but there is no professional pedantry in them. His delineations of scenery are among the freshest and best which we have read. An instantaneous susceptibility of natural effects, which we can ascribe only to the enlarged cultivation of a naturally fine taste, distinguishes many of his pages. To convey to our readers any adequate idea of the monuments he has described, or, within our limits, of his descriptions of them, would be a hopeless task. It must, in general, suffice to say that the temples of Karnak and Luqsor—the excavations of the Dayr el Bahree—the vocal Memnon and his fellow-statue, the Memnonium of the great Sesostris, with the fragments of its huge colossus—the Medeenet Haboo, with its splendid courts and entrance tower—the vast Necropolis—the pyramids of Gizeh—the colossal Sphynx—the grottoes of Beni Hassan—the obelisk of the Fyoom—the remains of Erment, Esne, El Kab, Edfoo, Kam Ombo, E'Souan, Elephantine, Philæ, Denderah, E'Siout and Sheikh Abadeh—Cleopatra's Needle—Pompey's pillar—the Alexandrian Catacombs—in short, all the temples, colossi, obelisks, and excavations on the plains of Thebes and Memphis, along the Nile, and in the Delta, all the relics of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies are here described, the more important of them, not merely with particularity and clearness, but with the interest of one who felt that he was gazing upon some of the greatest prodigies and problems of human art.

The principal quadrangle of the Medeenet Haboo, though three thousand years old, is still in excellent preservation. This is in great measure owing to a cause whence we might have inferred the exactly opposite effect: the erection, in the early times of Christianity, of an Egyptian-Christian church in the area, some remains of which are still seen. 'Just escaped,' says Mr. Wathen, 'from a vile superstition, they could not bear to have under their eye, and close to their church, sculptures allusive to the ancient gods, and coated them over with plaster or mud; thus their abhorrence for these subjects has been the means of preserving them. The quadrangle now presents one of the best examples of the beauty of the Egyptian system of intaglio decoration.'

But for the happy accident that the expedient used by these Egyptian puritans to efface the emblems and objects of idolatry was less violent and effectual than those employed by the reformers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, we suppose that the former would be considered amenable to the same censure with which the cant of modern times has so blackened their successors. In our author's account of Denderah, however, an instructive fact is mentioned. The sculptures of that temple, he tells us, (p. 210,) 'attracted the notice of the sepoys of the



Anglo-Indian army while serving in Egypt against the French. . . . They declared they beheld portraitures of their native gods, and at once began their devotions.' We are so sensible of the beauty of much which the reformers and puritans have spared, that we willingly confess our regret that so much that was admirable, and would now have been instructive in art, was *unnecessarily* demolished by them. But we regard with far deeper concern the resuscitated spirit of superstition which would have fed to plethory on much that they removed, and own that, albeit rude in action, they were right in principle, and only followed what, centuries before the Egyptian Christians acted in the same way, had been done in Israel with the brazen serpent.

Artists and dilettyanti, after resisting as long as they could the unwelcome doctrine, that the ancient Greeks inserted metal ornaments in their marble works, and made use of vivid colouring to decorate both the interior and exterior of their public buildings, have, as is well known, long since yielded the former point; and, for a shorter period, admitted that the latter also is established on undeniable proof. The great question, therefore, since has been to reconcile these facts with the never questioned pre-eminence of the Greeks in art: or, perhaps, we should say, to find arguments whereby the greater severity and precision of modern taste might be brought over to cordial acquiescence in the later doctrine, that the pre-eminent taste of ancient Greece is as conspicuous in their use of decorative colour, as it was formerly supposed to be in the rejection of it. The decoration of the great temple-palace of Medeenet Haboo, has drawn some remarks from Mr. Wathen on this subject, which our readers may be glad to read:—

'All the mural sculptures and hieroglyphics, are painted in vivid colours, chiefly reds and blues; the ceilings a deep azure, studded with stars. Skilfully distributed and balanced, all combine into one harmonious effect—striking and gorgeous, yet wholly free from meretricious glitter. I think the staunchest enemy to the introduction of colour in architecture, would return from a visit to the palace of Ramses III. a complete convert to polychromy.

'The use of rich colours in architectural embellishment has in truth all the sanction, that the highest authority, the practice of all ages, and the analogies of nature can give it. Colour was commonly employed by the nations, among whom the arts rose and received their earliest culture. It was adopted by the Greeks, gifted as they were with an intuition of the beautiful, probably never equalled. It was in repute at Rome in the Augustan period. It maintained itself during the middle ages, and was employed, internally at least, by the great revivers of the arts in Italy. Who that has stood under the glorious dome of St. Peter's, and beheld the mellow magnificence above and around him, will not confess how much it owes to the prodigal, but masterly application of colour.

The golden vault of the nave, the rich marbles, and richer mosaics, blend into an enchanting whole, as different from the naked monotony of our metropolitan cathedral, as is a landscape glowing under an autumnal sunset, from the same wrapped in snow.'

Our limits necessarily compel us to forego any particular notice of the author's account of the tombs of the kings, and still more elaborate description of the pyramids at Gizeh. As before hinted, Colonel Vyse's operations in the latter are briefly related. Not the least interesting part of this section, is the author's professional elucidation of the principles applied by the builders of the three largest pyramids, in the construction of them respectively, especially that of the first and largest of the three. A very remarkable excavation in the sandy tract east of the rock of the pyramids, (figured in Plate xi.), has given occasion to another of those investigations of historical questions, by which the interest and instruction of Mr. Wathen's volume is so much increased. This excavation, our author supposes, may be the tomb of Cheops, as it 'exactly agrees with Herodotus's description of that in which Cheops was said to have been buried.' He does not, however, omit to notice, what may be advanced against this view; and, indeed, appears to have formed no decided opinion on the subject himself. Respecting the date of the grottoes of Beni Hassan, he differs widely from Sir G. Wilkinson, who, on hieroglyphic authority, had ascribed them to Osirtasen I., the king who promoted Joseph. The remarkable drawing given in Vol. ii. p. 296, of Sir Gardner's 'Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians' cannot, we suppose, have escaped the notice of any student of history in whose hands his work has been. Though he does not venture to assert, that the presentation of Joseph's brethren to Pharoah, is the subject of that plate, it is obvious that he is strongly inclined to take that view of it. Mr. Wathen, however, is decidedly of opinion that they are Persian captives, and that the grottoes are the work of a much later age. The oval of Osirtasen I. he supposes to have been assumed as a prenomén of Nectanabo, as an indication of his claim to be a descendant of that early monarch. And unless some antiquary should succeed in making out, that there have been such later repairs and alterations as have greatly changed the original character of the tomb in question, he has certainly shewn, by means of indisputable data, that the excavation cannot be of the early age which has been claimed for it. In connection with this subject our author observes, with obvious truth: 'when the history and development of an art are well understood, chronological conclusions, from style and execution can be invalidated by no evidence but to the contrary. There is a tomb at Gloucester, of Osrick, a

*Saxon king, in the latest style of Gothic ; and a like anomaly is seen at Worcester, in a monument of King John.*' The argument brought to bear by Mr. Wathen on this Egyptian question, is in fact one of every day occurrence in the history of English art.

Though some amusing incidents of 'personal narrative' are scattered here and there in other parts of the books ; as, for instance, the author's adventure in the subterranean chamber of the great pyramid, (p. 152), such occur most frequently in the account of his journeys from Thebes to Nubia ; and thence again to Alexandria. They help to complete the picture which other travellers have furnished us of the present inhabitants of Egypt. The swimming mendicants described in p. 215, constitute a 'variety' unknown, we should suppose, among the mendicant orders of the papal church, or the secular beggars of any nation.

The author's admirable descriptions, both of monuments and scenery, are very powerfully aided by the engravings and lithographs which adorn his volume. These, especially the 'interior of the temple of Denderah' (the *frontispiece*) ; the great hall of the temple-palace of Karnak, (p. 115) ; the hall of columns of the same, (p. 117) ; and the entrance to the temple, (p. 118), are truly beautiful. But the extensive prospect of the plain of Thebes, as seen from the Necropolis hills, (p. 122), lays very powerful hold on the imagination. The light and shade are admirable. The Nile reflects the glory of the sun across the sandy desert. The Memnonium reposes in the foreground, undisturbed by any human sound. 'Colossal statues that looked down from their thrones on Moses look down upon us.' (*pref. iv.*) We allowed our fancy to rove over this tranquil picture, till we realized, in idea, the truth, almost as fully as we did the beauty of the following description :—

'Egypt is always singular and interesting : but under an autumnal sunset it is beautiful. The sun sinks behind a grove of palms in a golden sky, upon which their most delicate featherings are distinctly described. A rich amber light glows over the landscape, and makes the meanest and most uncouth objects look beautiful. A very brief twilight, is followed by a glorious night ; soon the feeblest star has lighted its lamp, and the black vault of heaven seems thickly studded with brilliants. Such is the purity of the atmosphere, that you may watch a setting star till it touches the low bank of the river. Profound tranquillity reigns through the universe ; or is only broken at intervals by the mellowed murmur of a distant water-wheel. The moonlight streams upon the bosom of the ancient river. A beautiful meteoric phenomenon heightens the interest of the scene. Ever and anon, a bright star seems to shoot away from among its fixed companions—glances horizontally across the heavens, throwing off a long luminous tail, then bursting like a rocket, leaves all nature intensely tranquil as before.



To commend or recommend Mr. Wathen's volume, after what we have extracted from it, would be superfluous. The antiquary, the scholar, the philosopher, the artist, in short, every educated man who reads, either for instruction or entertainment, must feel interested in its rich and varied contents.

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Art. VI. *Contributions, Biographical, Literary and Philosophical, to the Eclectic Review.* By John Foster, author of *Essays on Decision of Character, &c.* 2 Vols. 8vo. London: Ward and Co.

WE have recently placed on record, our estimate of the genius and writings of Mr. Foster, and have no intention to re-enter on the subject at present. In common with a large class of our countrymen, we deeply regret his withdrawal from amongst us; and look around in vain for some other intellect to whom we may transfer the gratitude and reverence with which we were accustomed to regard him. Vast numbers of his contemporaries achieved apparently much more than he did. Their public appearances were more frequent, their performances were more noised abroad, their names were on a greater number of lips, their publications were more loudly praised, and they themselves, in their foolish vanity, imagined their position to be much more elevated than his. The return of their labours was more immediate and palpable, their books it may be, sold by thousands, they were the *lions* of their day, the idol before which the thoughtless and hurrying crowd did homage for an hour. Vastly different from all this was the case with Mr. Foster. The sphere of his influence was more limited, but within that sphere it was a thousand fold more intense. He acted, it may be, on fewer minds, but the force of his action was much greater. It was at once healthful and stimulative, suggestive of noble thoughts, awakening aspirations after the higher attainments of our nature, and bracing up the faculties for the vigorous and permanent prosecution of the really good. We know no writer through whose productions the seeds of thought are more profusely scattered, or whose influence over his readers is more conducive to the harmonious development of all the mental powers. His writings have therefore been especial favourites with the thoughtful and intelligent of the younger class. They supply the very aliment which such need,—the appropriate nourishment of an enquiring spirit, anxious for improvement, and dissatisfied with the guides ordinarily furnished. Their influence is purely good, there is no admixture of evil in them, no serpent lurking

beneath their fragrant beauties. Unlike the productions of some living authors which, though adapted in many respects to the cravings and obvious wants of our spiritual nature, cannot be commended as safe guides to the young, Mr. Foster's writings may be placed in their hands with the fullest confidence. Their tone is as pure, their sentiments are as scriptural, as their views are profound and comprehensive. They are in a word the production of a master-spirit, who recognizes the paramount authority of revelation, and is intent on diffusing throughout the sphere of his influence, an order of sentiments comporting with the dignity of man's nature and the higher relationships which he is destined ultimately to sustain.

It has long been matter of deep regret, that such a writer could not be induced to communicate with the public more frequently. The few works which, at distant intervals, he did produce, bore upon them such a stamp and character, as to awaken an intense desire for their multiplication. Rumours were frequently afloat, that something was in progress, and Mr. Foster himself, as we can testify from personal communications with him, entertained the hope of preparing some of his manuscripts for the press. Unhappily, however, that hope has not been realized, and a volume of lectures, edited from the author's notes, by his esteemed friend Mr. Jonathan Ryland, is the only additional contribution to be received from so noble an intellect.

Under these circumstances, it will be gratifying to Mr. Foster's admirers, to receive in a form of separate publication, a selection from his contributions to our own journal. Of many of these it is not too much to say, that they are entitled to rank amongst the very first publications of their day, in all the higher and more permanent qualities which distinguish the productions of intellect. Other writings may be more eloquent in the popular acceptations of that term, may contain a great number of *beauties*, or evince a more extensive and intimate knowledge of the literature of the day, but no one of them is more impregnated with the elements of thought, or conveys more distinctly the notions of a mind richly furnished with all the higher endowments of our nature.

Mr. Foster was an early, and for many years a frequent contributor to the Eclectic Review. His first paper appeared in November, 1806, and the last in October, 1839. The whole number of his contributions was one hundred and eighty-five, of which only fifty are reprinted in the present publication. We are glad that the principle of selection has been adopted, and that the papers chosen are such as possess qualities of permanent interest, and are illustrative—in many cases strikingly so—of the mental character of their author. We have been at some

pains to examine the papers from a list which we obtained several years since, and are free to acknowledge, that while we might possibly have hesitated respecting the insertion of three or four, and should have been glad to include portions of a few others, we know not that the selection would, on the whole, have been improved.

'It has been the object of the Editor to select what was intrinsically valuable, and at the same time, illustrative of the intellectual character of the author; and he has greatly erred in his judgment, if the contents of these volumes will not be deemed a valuable contribution to our sterling and permanent literature. As compared with the republished papers of some eminent living reviewers, they may be wanting in that finish which their personal superintendence has secured to their productions; but in all the higher and more permanent qualities of intellect, in their largeness of view, penetrating subtlety of thought, deep insight into human nature, and sympathy with the nobler and more lofty forms of spiritual existence, they will be found eminently worthy of the genius of their author, and subservient to his permanent repute.' Pref. p. vi.

We are glad to find that no liberty has been taken by the Editor, and that this rule has been extended even to some few passages obviously written in haste, and therefore liable to the charge of obscurity, or even of slight inaccuracy. He is desirous, we are informed in the preface—

'of distinctly notifying that he has taken no liberty with his author, save in the way of omission. He would have felt it to be a species of sacrilege to do otherwise,—an act immoral in its character, and incompatible with the reverence due to departed genius. Had these papers been reprinted during the life of their author, innumerable minor alterations would unquestionably have been made, and some few passages might possibly have been re-written. The loss of such revision may be matter of regret, but we should condemn, as the height of presumption—the very impersonation of vanity—any attempt on the part of another to supply its place. The productions of such a mind bear too distinctly the marks of their parentage to require, or admit of, the corrections of other men. The case is different with simple omissions. Many of Mr. Foster's papers include large quotations from the works reviewed, the greater part of which has been excluded from the present reprint, together with such connecting remarks as the extracts required.'—Ib. p. v, vi.

This is as it should be. It betokens a becoming respect for the author, and a due estimate of the responsibilities resting on his editor. An opposite course would have had our unmitigated censure, as it must have involved the genuineness of many passages in considerable doubt. The pretences under which the revision of a deceased author's productions are attempted to be justified are for the most part unsatisfactory, concealing distrust under the semblance of respect, and pandering to the vanity of



the editor, instead of contributing to the reputation of the author.

But we must hasten, without farther prefatory remarks, to furnish our readers with such specimens of the work as will enable them to judge for themselves of its worth. We are glad that the paper on *Carr's Stranger in Ireland* has been inserted, not merely as it was the first of Mr. Foster's contributions, but as its views are, for the most part, singularly adapted to the present state of that country. We should extract from its pages in confirmation of this remark, were there not several other passages throughout the volumes which we are still more desirous of presenting to our readers.

Those who were acquainted with Mr. Foster, are well aware of his sarcastic powers. Though his disposition was benevolent, he could wield this instrument of assault with terrible power whenever tempted to its use. There was nothing coarse or vulgar in its employment, nothing which bespoke malevolence of mind, or was adapted simply to irritate or wound. It was the indignant utterance of a great spirit seeking to repress the exhibition of vanity, or marking with adequate displeasure the greater faults by which society is injured. Numerous examples of the successful use of sarcasm are to be found in his writings; and the volumes before us contain several, of which we shall furnish an instance. It occurs in the Review of Sir William Forbes's *Life of Dr. Beattie*, and has respect to the false delicacy by which his *noble* friends were withheld from affording him the pecuniary assistance which he needed. Referring to the publication of the *Essay on Truth*, Mr. Foster remarks,

'The author's expectations of the success of his essay were not sanguine, and therefore surprise heightened his satisfaction when it was received, if many of these letters do not exaggerate, with such delight, as if Christianity and true philosophy had been waiting, in the awful crisis of existence or extinction, for its appearance. It seems to have been welcomed like a convoy of provisions in a famishing garrison, by many high characters in church and state, whose exultation would really seem to betray the impression which their talents had not prevented Mr. Hume from making on their fears. The most flattering attentions thickened on Dr. Beattie within the circle of his personal acquaintance; and he received from England many letters abounding with expressions of admiration and offers of friendship, on the strength of which he was induced to make a visit to London. At this period of the history he is presented to us in a different point of view from that of the scholar, poet, and philosopher. We are fairly told, though with much care to qualify the homeliness of the confession, that it was needful to Dr. Beattie to

eat, which we have often had occasion to be sorry that philosophers, including reviewers, should be under the necessity of doing. The means of subsistence for himself and family were confined to the small stipend of his professorship, and the emolument that might accrue from his publications; of which he received a comfortable sample and assurance in the fifty guineas paid him for his 'Essay on Truth,' which had only cost him the labour of four years. His many generous and opulent friends in Scotland and England were aware of his circumstances, and sincerely regretted them. A comparatively small annual sum would have given a man of his moderate wants and habits the feeling of independence, and a strong and concurrent sentiment of anxiety was awakened in the minds of a greater number of noblemen and gentlemen than we can charge our memories with, to find out any means of obtaining for him this advantage. They lamented the duty, imposed on them by their high rank, of expending so many thousands on their splendid establishments and their hounds, while the illustrious defender of truth, and their dear friend, was in danger of something bordering on indigence. But notwithstanding these unavoidable necessities of their own condition, they would have been most happy to have made some effort in his favour, had not a fatal obstacle stood in the way. That obstacle was delicacy: it might hurt his feelings to insinuate to him the offer of any thing which they themselves regarded with such a generous scorn as money. With sincere sorrow, therefore, they were reduced to wait, and see what fortune might do for him. At last Mrs Montague, much to her shame, violated this delicacy, by informing him that she would take upon herself to mend his condition, if a slight expectation which had begun to spring up from another quarter should fail to be realised. This expectation was realised not long after, and his illustrious friends rejoiced in the double good fortune, that their delicacy was saved, and his purse was filled. Sir W. Forbes, one of those friends, and an opulent banker in Edinburgh, records this whole affair in the most honest simplicity of heart, just as we have done ourselves.'—vol. i. pp. 28, 29.

In the review of Lord Kames's life, many valuable remarks occur on the nature and tendency of metaphysical inquiries, highly characteristic of their author, and adapted to correct some prevalent misconceptions. The indisposition to such studies evidenced in the pulpit addresses of many of our ministers, is greatly to be deplored. It gives a looseness and vague generality to their mental habits, which is readily detected by intelligent hearers, and proves destructive of that confidence in the soundness of their judgment, which, on many accounts, is so eminently desirable. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. We are far from advocating a metaphysical style of preaching. Few things can be more unsuited to the pulpit, or be less adapted to the great ends of popular instruction. Many of our younger ministers, especially those educated in Scotland, have erred

on this point, and thereby impaired the efficiency of their ministry, and brought a most useful branch of human inquiry into disrepute. An air, or, as in many cases it has happened, the mere semblance of abstract reasoning, has been given to their address, which has served greatly to weaken its popular effect, and to leave their audience unfurnished with knowledge, and unstimulated to exertion. The legitimate influence of metaphysical studies, as seen in the pulpit, consists in clearness and consecutive order of thought, compact force of reasoning, and an adaptation of the arguments employed, to the nature and capabilities of the parties addressed. We want the result and not the forms, the well arrayed and lucid thoughts rather than a minute analysis of the several stages by which the thoughts have been obtained. But we are detaining our readers from the admirable reflections of our author, to which, therefore, we recur.

‘Metaphysical speculation tries to resolve all constituted things into their general elements, and those elements into the ultimate mysterious element of substance, thus leaving behind the various orders and modes of being, to contemplate being itself in its essence. It retires awhile from the consideration of truth, as predicated of particular subjects, to explore those unalterable and universal relations of ideas, which must be the primary principles of all truth. It is not content to acknowledge or to seek the respective causes of the effects which crowd every part of the creation, but would ascertain the very nature of the relation between cause and effect. Not satisfied to infer a Deity from the wise and beautiful order of the universe, it would descry the proof of this sublime fact in the bare existence of an atom. To ascertain the laws according to which we think, is a gratifying kind of knowledge, but metaphysical speculation asks what is it to think, and what is that power which performs so strange an operation; it also attempts to discover the nature of the connexion of this mysterious agent with a corporeal machine; and of the relation in which it really stands to that external world, concerning which it receives so many millions of ideas. In short, metaphysical inquiry attempts to trace things to the very first stage in which they can, even to the most penetrating intelligences, be the subjects of a thought, a doubt, or a proposition; that profoundest abstraction, where they stand on the first step of distinction and remove from nonentity, and where that one question might be put concerning them, the answer to which would leave no further question possible. And having thus abstracted and penetrated to the state of pure entity, the speculation would come back, tracing it into all its modes and relations; till at last metaphysical truth, approaching nearer and nearer to the sphere of our immediate knowledge, terminates on the confines of distinct sciences and obvious realities.

‘Now it would seem evident that this inquiry into primary truth must surpass, in point of dignity, all other speculations. If any man



could carry his discoveries as far, and makes his proofs as strong, in the metaphysical world, as Newton did in the physical, he would be an incomparably greater man than even Newton. The charge, therefore, of being frivolous, alleged sometimes angrily, and sometimes scornfully, against this department of study, is, so far as the subjects are concerned, but a proof of the complete ignorance of those who make it. Ignorance may be allowed to say anything; but we are very much surprised when we sometimes hear men of considerable thought and knowledge, declaring, almost unconditionally, against researches into pure metaphysical subjects; and also insisting that our reasonings on moral subjects must never, for a moment, accept the pernicious aid of metaphysical distinctions. We cannot comprehend how it is possible for them to frequent the intellectual world, without often coming in view of some of the great questions peculiarly belonging to this department of thought; such as those concerning the nature of the mind, the liberty or necessity of human action, the radical distinction between good and evil, space, duration, eternity, the creation of inferior beings, and the attributes of the Supreme. And we wonder that, if it were only to enjoy the sensation of being overwhelmed in sublime mystery, and of finding how much there is reserved to be learnt in a higher state of existence and intelligence, an inquisitive mind should not, when these subjects are forced on the view, make a strong, though it were a transient, effort of investigation. Nor can we conceive how a man of the least sagacity can deeply examine any moral subject, without often finding himself brought to the borders of metaphysical ground; and there perceiving very clearly that he must either enter on that ground, or leave his subject most partially and unsatisfactorily discussed. All subjects have first principles, towards which an acute mind feels its investigation inevitably tending, and all first principles are, if investigated to their extreme refinement, metaphysical. The tendency of thought toward the ascertaining of these first principles in every inquiry, as contrasted with a disposition to pass (though perhaps very elegantly or rhetorically) over the surface of a subject, is one of the strongest points of distinction between a vigorous intellect and a feeble one.

‘ It is true enough, to the grief of philosophers, and the humiliation of human ability, that but a very small degree of direct success has ever crowned these profound researches, or perhaps will ever crown them in the present state of our existence. It is also true, that an acute man who will absolutely prosecute the metaphysic of every subject to the last possible extreme, with a kind of rebellion against the very laws and limits of nature, in contempt of his senses, of experience, of the universal perceptions of mankind, and of divine revelation, may reason himself into a vacuity where he will feel as if he were sinking out of the creation. Hume was such an example; but we might cite Locke and Reid, and some other illustrious men, who have terminated their long sweep of abstract thinking, as much in the spirit of sound sense and rational belief as they began.

‘ Yet while we must attribute to weakness or ignorance the contempt or the terror of these inquiries, it is so evident from the nature of things, and the whole history of philosophy, that they must in a great measure fail, when extended beyond certain contracted limits, that it is less for the portion of metaphysical science which they can ascertain, than for their general effect on the thinking powers, that we deem them a valuable part of intellectual discipline. Studies of this nature tend very much to augment the power of discriminating clearly between different subjects, and ascertaining their analogies, dependencies, relative importance, and best method of investigation. They enable the mind to dissipate the delusion of first appearances, and detect fallacious subtleties of argument. Between the most superficial view of a subject and its most abstracted principles, there is a gradation of principles still more and more abstracted, conducting progressively, if any mind were strong enough to follow, to that profoundest principle where inquiry must terminate for ever; now, though it be impossible to approach within the most distant glimmering sight of that principle, yet a mind sharpened by metaphysical investigation, will be able sometimes to penetrate to the second, third, or fourth place in this retiring gradation, and will therefore have a far more competent understanding of the subject, from being able to investigate it to this depth, than another mind which has been accustomed to content itself with an attention merely to the surfaces. A man habituated to this deeper examination of every subject of which he seriously thinks, will often be able, and entitled, to advance his propositions with a confidence to which the man that only thinks on the surface of a subject must be a stranger, unless, indeed, he can totally forget that there is anything deeper than the surface; but then he may very fairly be excused from making any propositions at all.

‘ On the whole, we are of opinion, that though it is most unwise to dedicate the chief part of a studious life to metaphysical speculation, except in the case of those few extraordinary minds which can carry this speculation so far as to render to mankind the service of practically ascertaining the limits which human ability cannot pass, a moderate portion of this study would be of the greatest use to all intellectual men, as a mode of acquiring, in the general exercise of their understandings, at once the double advantage of comprehensiveness and precision.’—*Ib.* pp. 48—52.

There is another passage in this article so thoroughly *Fosterian*, so applicable to a large class of influential writers, and so triumphantly conclusive in its logic, that we must transcribe it, though in danger of exceeding our limits. Referring to the scepticism of Lord Kames, Mr. Foster observes—

‘ It is too evident that our philosopher felt it a light matter, that his speculations were sometimes in opposition to the book which Christians deem of paramount authority. He would pretend, in a

general way, a kind of deference for that book, and yet go on with his theories and reasonings all the same. In this we consider his conduct, and the conduct of many other philosophic men, as most absurd, setting aside its irreligion. The book which avows itself, by a thousand solemn and explicit declarations, to be a communication from heaven, is either what it thus declares itself to be, or a most monstrous imposture. If these philosophers hold it to be an imposture, and therefore an execrable deception put on the sense of mankind, how contemptible it is to see them practising their civil cringe, and uttering phrases of deference. If they admit it to be what it avows itself, how detestable is their conduct in advancing positions and theories, with a cool disregard of the highest authority, confronting and contradicting them all the while. And if the question is deemed to be yet in suspense, how ridiculous it is to be thus building up speculations and systems, pending a cause which may require their demolition the instant it is decided. Who would not despise, or pity, a man, eagerly raising a fine house on a piece of ground at the very time in doubtful litigation? Who would not have laughed at a man who should have published a book of geography, with minute descriptions and costly maps of distant regions and islands, at the very time that Magellan or Cook was absent on purpose to determine their position, or even verify their existence? If Lord Kames was doubtful on the question of the truth or imposture of the most celebrated book in the world, a question of which the decision, the one way or the other, is the indispensable preliminary to so many speculations, why did he not bend his utmost strength to decide it? This had been a work of far more importance than any of those to which he applied himself; of far more importance than his reasonings on the existence of a Deity; since the very object of these reasonings was to prove that we have a natural, intuitive, and invincible assurance that there is a God, and therefore, in fact, that we need no reasoning or writing on the subject. Or if he would not make an effort toward the decision of this great question himself, why would he not lie quiet till the other examiners should decide it; cautious, even to anxiety, not to hazard, in the meanwhile, a single position of such a nature as must assume that the question was already decided, and decided against the pretensions of the book professing to be of divine authority? But such positions he made no difficulty of advancing, especially in what was called, at that time, his *magnum opus*, the 'Sketches of the History of Man.'—Ib. pp. 54, 55.

The papers on Fox's *History of the early part of the Reign of James II.*, and on the volumes to which it gave rise, are deserving of attentive and repeated perusal. They are distinguished by sound constitutional knowledge, a nice discrimination of the qualities of the respective writers, and a much higher standard of morals than has commonly been applied to the actions of public men. We had marked several passages for quotation,



but must restrict ourselves to one, which we select, not as superior to others, but as containing a sentiment of the soundest public morality, the practical recognition of which is of the highest moment to our national welfare. We are perpetually told that we have nothing to do with the private character of political men; and there is a sense in which this is true; but as commonly used, the statement is both false and pernicious. It involves a fallacy which is instantly detected when a keen eye is fixed on the movements of the political world. To say nothing of the slight hold we can have on the patriotic actions of a man whose private life is a continued violation of moral principle; it is impossible that such an one, however eloquent or zealous, should command that measure of public confidence which is needful to success in the advocacy of a popular cause. The people must be satisfied of the sincere earnestness of their advocate before they respond to his appeals with an enthusiasm which sets opposition at defiance, and this they never can be, unless his private character be as unexceptionable as his oratory may be splendid. In the most memorable period of our history this was emphatically the case. The Pym and Hampdens, the Cromwells and Vanes of the Long Parliament, were men of blameless morals when they assailed the strongholds of tyranny. Their countrymen knew them to be so, and trusted in them accordingly. A change, however, has unhappily ensued since then, and men of the loudest pretensions to *public* integrity are in consequence to be met with, violating, without scruple or pain, all the dictates of morality, and sometimes even the decencies of life. These remarks have been suggested by the following reflections on the most splendid orator and most enlightened statesman of modern times;—we need not say that that orator and statesman was Charles James Fox.

‘How pensive has been the sentiment with which we have said, all this is no more than what Fox might have been: nor has this feeling been in the least beguiled by the splendour of all the eulogiums, by the fragrance of all the incense, conferred and offered since his death. His name stands conspicuous on the list of those, who have failed to accomplish the commission on which their wonderful endowments would seem to tell that they had been sent to the world, by the Master of human and all other spirits. It is thus that mankind are doomed to see a succession of individuals rising among them, with capacities for rendering them the most inestimable services, but faithless, for the most part, to their high vocation, and either never attempting the generous labours which invite their talents, or combining with these labours the vices which frustrate their efficacy. Our late distinguished statesman’s exertions for the public welfare were really so great, and in many instances, we have no doubt, so well intended, that it is peculiarly painful to behold him

defrauding such admirable powers and efforts of their effect, by means of those parts of his conduct in which he sunk to a level with the least respectable of mankind; and we think no man within our memory has given so melancholy an example of this self-counteraction. It is impossible for the friends of our constitution and of human nature not to feel a warm admiration for Fox's exertions, whatever their partial motives, and whatever their occasional excesses might be, in vindication of the great principles of liberty, in hostility to the rage for war, and in extirpation of the slave-trade. This last abomination, which had gradually lost, even on the basest part of the nation, that hold which it had for a while maintained by a delusive notion of policy, and was fast sinking under the hatred of all that could pretend to humanity or decency, was destined ultimately to fall by his hand, at a period so nearly contemporary with the end of his career, as to give the remembrance of his death somewhat of a similar advantage of association to that, by which the death of the Hebrew champion is always recollected in connexion with the fall of Dagon's temple. A great object was accomplished, and it is fair to attribute the event, in no small degree, to his persevering support of that most estimable individual who was the leader of the design; but as to his immense display of talent on the wide ground of general politics, on the theory of true freedom, and popular rights; on the great and increasing influence of the crown; on the corruption and reform of public institutions; on severe investigation of public expenditure; on the national vigilance proper to be exercised over the conduct of government; and on the right of any nation to change, when it judges necessary, both the persons and the form of its government; we have observed with the deepest mortification, times without number, the very slight and transient effect on the public mind of a more argumentative and luminous eloquence, than probably we are ever again to see irradiating those subjects, and urging their importance. Both principles and practices, tending toward arbitrary power and national degradation, were progressively gaining ground during the much greater part of the time that he was assaulting them with fire and sword; and the people, notwithstanding it was their own cause that he was maintaining by this persevering warfare, though they were amused indeed with his exploits, could hardly be induced to regard him otherwise than as a capital prize-fighter, and scarcely thanked him for the fortitude and energy which he devoted to their service. He was allowed to be a most admirable man for a leader of opposition, but not a mortal could be persuaded to regard that opposition, even in his hands, as bearing any resemblance to that which we have been accustomed to ascribe to Cato, an opposition of which pure virtue was the motive, and all corruptions whatever the object. If the very same things which were said by Fox, had been advanced by the person whose imaginary character we have sketched in the preceding pages, they would have become the oracles of the people from Berwick to Land's End; corrupters and intriguers would have felt an impression of awe when he rose to

speak; no political doctors or nostrums could have cured their nerves of a strange vibration at the sound of his words, a vibration very apt to reach into their consciences or their fears; there would have been something mysterious and appalling in his voice, a sound as if a multitude of voices articulated in one; and though his countenance should have looked as candid and friendly as Fox's did, these gentlemen would have been sometimes subject to certain fretful peevish lapses of imagination much like those in which Macbeth saw the apparition of Banquo, and would have involuntarily apostrophised him as the dreaded agent of detection and retribution. They would have felt themselves in the presence of their master, for they would have been taught to recognise, in this one man, the most real representative of the people, whose will would generally be soon declared as substantially identical with his opinions.—Ib. pp. 132—135.

Many of our readers are probably acquainted with *The reflections on the death of Hume*, which were reprinted in a separate form many years since, and have obtained extensive circulation. On this account we refrain from transferring them to our pages, though greatly tempted by their force and beauty to do so. The following remarks on the vivacity displayed by Sir Thomas More, in the immediate anticipation of death, should be read in connexion with them, and are equally distinguished by their exquisite felicity and truthfulness. The hilarity of the deistical philosopher was as clearly distinguishable from that of the statesman, as the character of the latter was more elevated and spiritual-like than that of the former.

'Some grave and pious persons have been inclined to censure this gaiety, as incongruous with the feelings appropriate to the solemn situation. We would observe, that though we were to admit, as a general rule, that expressions of wit and pleasantry are unbecoming the last hour, yet Sir Thomas More may be justly considered as the exception. The constitution of his mind was so singular and so happy, that throughout his life his humour and wit were evidently, as a matter of fact, compatible in almost all cases, with a general direction of his mind to serious and momentous subjects. His gaiety did not imply a dereliction, even for the moment, of the habitude of mind proper to a wise and conscientious man. It was an unquestionable matter of fact, that he could emit pleasantries and be seriously weighing in his mind an important point of equity or law, and could pass directly from the play of wit to the acts and the genuine spirit of devotion. And if he could at all other times maintain a vigorous exercise of serious thought and devout sentiment, unhurt by the gleaming of these lambent fires, there was no good reason why they might not gleam on the scaffold also. He had thousands of times before approached the Almighty, without finding, as he retired, that one of the faculties of his mind, one of the attributes of extraordinary and universal talent imparted to him by that Being, was become extinct in consequence of pious emotions: and his last addresses to



that Being could not be of a specifically different nature from the former; they could only be one degree more solemn. He had before almost habitually thought of death, and most impressively realized it; and still he had wit, and its soft lustre was to his friends but the more delightful for gilding so grave a contemplation: well, he could only realize the awful event one degree more impressively, when he saw the apparatus, and was warned that this was the hour. As protestants, we undoubtedly feel some defect of complacency, in viewing such an admirable display of heroic self-possession mingled with so much error; but we are convinced that he was devoutly obedient to what he believed the will of God, that the contemplation of the death of Christ was the cause of his intrepidity, and that the errors of his faith were not incompatible with his interest in that sacrifice.

‘There is so little danger of any excessive indulgence of sallies of wit in the hour of death, that there is no need to discuss the question how far, as a rule applicable to good men in general, such vivacity, as that of More, would in that season comport with the Christian character; but we are of opinion that it would fully comport, in any case substantially resembling his; in any case where the innocent and refined play of wit had been through life one of the most natural and unaffected operations of the mind, where it had never been felt to prevent or injure serious thinking and pious feeling, and where it mingled with the clear indications of a real Christian magnanimity in death.’—*Ib.* pp. 238, 239.

We pass over the articles on Dr. Paley and Sydney Smith's Sermons,—to both of which we invite the especial attention of our readers—in order to make room for the observations of our author on a subject running counter to our hereditary prepossessions, but not surpassed in practical importance by any other topic. Amongst the many anomalies of our national character, viewed more especially in its development amongst religious people, none is more singular or exceptionable than the military spirit so rife amongst us. The repugnance of this spirit to the temper of the christian dispensation is so glaring, that we cannot but wonder at the countenance it still meets with from the professed friends of revelation. We are not ignorant of the pleas by which it is ordinarily extenuated, though so strongly impressed with the conviction of their shallowness and fallacy as to be greatly surprised at their being resorted to by the avowed disciples of the religion of peace. To all who are interested in this question, we strongly recommend the following quotation from a review of Mr. Edgeworth's *Essays on Professional Education*.

‘The third essay is on Military and Naval Education. In undertaking to sketch the proper education for the several professions,

Mr. Edgeworth has omitted, apparently by design, to premise any observations tending to fix the moral estimate of each, for the assistance of those persons who are compelled to consult a delicate conscience in choosing the professions of their children. A few observations of this kind might not have been out of place, at the beginning of an essay on the method of making a soldier; for such a conscience may perversely raise a very strong question, whether it be right to destine a child to the occupation of slaying men; and, happily, for our country, (or unhappily, as we believe it will be more according to the current moral principles of the times to say) there are a certain proportion of people who cannot dismiss in practice their convictions of right, even though flattered by a presumption that their names, in their sons, might attain the splendour of military fame. We cannot be unaware how much offence there are persons capable of taking, at a plain description of war in the terms expressive of its chief operation. And it is, to be sure, very hard that what has been bedizened with the most magnificent epithets of every language, what has procured for so many men the idolatry of the world, what has crowned them with royal, imperial, and, according to the usual slang on the subject, 'immortal' honours, what has obtained their apotheosis in history and poetry,—it is hard and vexatious that this same adored maker of emperors and demigods, should be reducible in literal truth of description to 'the occupation of slaying men,' and should therefore hold its honours at the mercy of the first gleam of sober sense that shall break upon mankind. But, however whimsical it may appear to recollect that the great business of war is slaughter, however deplorably low-minded it may appear to regard all the splendour of fame with which war has been blazoned, much in the same light as the gilding of that hideous idol to which the Mexicans sacrificed their human hecatombs, however foolish it may be thought to make a difficulty of consenting to merge the eternal laws of morality in the policy of states, and however presumptuous it may seem to condemn so many privileged, and eloquent, and learned, and reverend personages, as any and every war is sure to find its advocates,—it remains an obstinate fact, that there are some men of such perverted perceptions as to apprehend that revenge, rage and cruelty, blood and fire, wounds, shrieks, groans, and death, with an infinite accompaniment of collateral crimes and miseries, are the elements of what so many besotted mortals have worshipped in every age under the title of glorious war. To be told that this is just the common-place with which dull and envious moralists have always railed against martial glory will not in the slightest degree modify their apprehension of a plain matter of fact. What signifies it whether moralists are dull, envious, and dealers in common-place, or not? No matter who says it, or from what motive; the fact is, that war consists of the components here enumerated, and is therefore an infernal abomination, when maintained for any object, and according to any measures, not honestly within the absolute necessities of defence. In these justi-

fighting necessities, we include the peril to which another nation with perfect innocence on its part may be exposed, from the injustice of a third power; as in the instance of the Dutch people, saved by Elizabeth from being destroyed by Spain. Now it needs not be said that wars, justifiable, on either side, on the pure principles of lawful defence, are the rarest things in history. Whole centuries all over darkened with the horrors of war may be explored from beginning to end, without perhaps finding two instances in which any one belligerent power can be pronounced to have adopted every precaution, and made every effort, concession, and sacrifice, required by Christian morality, in order to avoid war; to have entered into it with extreme reluctance, to have entertained while prosecuting it, an ardent desire for peace, promptly seizing every occasion and expedient of conciliation; to have sincerely forsworn all ambitious objects, to have spurned the foolish pride of not being the first to offer peace, and to have ended the war the very first hour that it was found that candid negotiation and moderate terms would be acceded to by the enemy. It is certain, at least, that the military history of this country is not the record where such examples are to be sought. But it may be presumed, we suppose, that those parents whose moral principles are to be of any use to their children, will abhor the idea of their sons being employed in any war that has not the grounds of justification here enumerated. But then, in order to their feeling themselves warranted to educate those sons for the business of war, they must have a firm assurance that the moral principles of their nation, or its government, are about to become so transformed, that there shall be, during the lives of their children, no war which shall not, on the part of their country, stand within the justifying conditions that we have specified. And let a conscientious parent seriously reflect, whether there be any good cause for entertaining such an assurance. But, unless he has such an assurance, he gives his son to be shaped and finished, like a sword or a bayonet in a Birmingham manufactory, to be employed in deeds of slaughter, righteous or iniquitous, just as may be determined by the persons in power, to whom he must sell his services unconditionally, and whose determinations may probably enough be guided by the most depraved principles; while there is this unfortunate difference between the youth and the sword, that the youth who is thus becoming an instrument of slaughter, cannot still be divested of the accountability of a moral agent. A melancholy case! that the father should have cause to deplore the impossibility of his son's being at once an accomplished soldier and an idiot.—If a time shall come when the nation and its government shall manifest, with anything like a sufficient security for permanently manifesting, half as much moderation as they have shown pride and ambition, and half as decided an attachment to peace as they have shown violent passion for war, during the last half century, then the parent's conscientious scruples may be turned from the general question of the morality of the military employment, to the particular considerations of its probable



influence on his son's character, and its dangers to his life; that is to say, if all such considerations, and the profession itself, are not by that time set aside by the final cessation of war. In the meantime, conscientious parents may do well to resign the ambition of training sons to martial glory, to those fathers—a plentiful compliment—who will laugh at the sickly conscience which scruples to devote a youth to the profession of war, on the ground that the wars in which he shall be employed may be iniquitous.—*Ib.* pp. 401—404.

We have been greatly pleased with our author's observations on the character of Whitefield and the causes of his remarkable success, and would invite the close attention of our ministerial readers to them. The secret of that success would amply repay for the labour of diligent study. After alluding to the disproportioned success of Whitefield, as compared with his strictly intellectual endowments, Mr. Foster remarks—

‘It would be, then, a very interesting inquiry, What were precisely the causes of that prodigious and most happy effect, which accompanied the ministrations of a man who was one of the three or four most powerful and useful preachers since the apostolic age;—what, we mean, were the causes exclusively of an extraordinary agency of divine power—those human causes, which are adapted to produce a great and a calculable effect, according to the general laws of the human constitution? It would be quite proper to take the question, in the first instance, on this limited ground; inquiring how far Whitefield's qualifications were of a nature to produce a great effect on men, with respect to other interesting concerns to which the exercise of those qualifications was applicable, and in which the results of that exercise might be considered as the proportionate and ordinary effects of the human cause.

‘It is not with the slightest view of attempting any such disquisition that we have suggested it. We began with the intention of proceeding very few words further, than the expression of a wish that a philosopher had written a life of Whitefield, on the plan of instituting and determining such an inquiry. Such a biographer finding, we presume, as a philosopher, a vast proportion of effect beyond what could be explained by the talents of the agent, taken at their highest possible estimate, and combined with all that could be deemed favourable in the circumstances of the times, would, as a Christian, assign, as the paramount cause, the intervention of an extraordinary influence from heaven, giving an efficacy to the operation of the human agent incomparably beyond any natural power of its faculties and exertions. And, indeed, what would the judgment of that man be worth, who, even viewing the case merely as a philosopher, should fail or refuse to recognize a divine agency in the change of a multitude of profane and wicked men into religious and virtuous ones, by means so simple as Whitefield's plain addresses to their dull or perverted understandings, their insensible consciences, and their

depraved passions? A man who professes to philosophize on human nature ought to have some way of accounting for such facts, when brought before him on competent evidence, and in great numbers. And what a laudable philosophy it would be, that should find such facts to be quite according to the general principles and the ordinary course of human nature; or, acknowledging them not to be so, should either carelessly attribute them to chance, or should virtually revive, for a new and higher application, the old notion of occult qualities! As if the cast off rags and broken implements of antiquated physics were quite good enough for the service of the philosophy of mind, morals, and religion.

‘These slight remarks are made with any other purpose in the world than that of depreciating the endowments of Whitefield. While regarding his powers, strictly intellectual, as all discerning readers of his writings must do, as very moderate; and while holding, as also all those who coincide with Whitefield in religious faith hold, that an energy indefinitely superior to that of any or all the powers he exerted was evinced in the success which attended him; we have all the admiration which it can seem little better than idly gratuitous to profess, of those extraordinary qualifications which he displayed in the sacred cause—qualifications which were adapted, even according to the common principles of human nature, to excite a very great sensation. According to the testimony of all his hearers that have left memorials of him, or that still survive to describe him, he had an energy and happy combination of the passions, so very extraordinary as to constitute a commanding species of sublimity of character. In their swell, their fluctuations, their very turbulence, these passions so faithfully followed the nature of the subject, and with such irresistible evidence of being utterly clear of all design of oratorical management, that they bore all the dignity of the subject along with them, and never appeared, in their most ungovernable emotions, either extravagant or ludicrous to any but minds of the coldest or profanest order. They never, like the violent ebullitions of mere temperament, confounded his ideas, but, on the contrary, had the effect of giving those ideas a distinct and matchlessly vivid enunciation: insomuch, that ignorant and half-barbarous men often seemed, in a way which amazed even themselves, to understand Christian truths on their first delivery. Some of them might have heard, and they had heard as unmeaning sounds, similar ideas expressed in the church service; but in Whitefield’s preaching they seemed to strike on their minds in fire and light. His delivery, if that could be spoken of as a thing distinguishable from that energy which inflamed his whole being, was confessedly oratorical in the highest degree of the highest sense of the term. It varied through all the feelings, and gave the most natural and emphatic expression of them all. He had, besides, great presence of mind in preaching, and the utmost aptitude to take advantage of attending circumstances, and even the incidents of the moment.

‘His display of unparalleled energy was uniformly accompanied by

irresistible evidence—in the perfectly inartificial character of his signs of passion—in the exhausting frequency and interminable prosecution of his labours—in the courage and hazard in which some of them were ventured on—in the complete renunciation, which such a course plainly involved, of all views of emolument and preferment—and in his forbearance to attempt, to any material extent, any thing like an organized sectarian system of co-operation—irresistible evidence, that his unceasing exertion, that his persuasions, his expostulations, his vehemence, his very indignation, were all inspirited by a perfectly genuine and unquenchable zeal for the Christian cause, and the eternal welfare of men: and our unhappy nature is yet not so totally perverse, but that this will always make a great impression on the multitude.

‘Again, it was, by the constitution of human nature, a great luxury, in spite of the pain, to have the mind so roused and stimulated, the passions so agitated. For the sake of this, even religion, evangelical religion, would be endured for a little while; and great numbers, who were inveigled by this mere love of strong excitement to endure religion a little while, were happily so effectually caught, that they could never afterwards endure life without religion.

‘According to all testimony, the ministry of the national church was at that time generally such, as to give, with respect, at least, to the excitement of attention, a tenfold effect to the preaching of Whitefield. It was such a contrast as could not but contribute to magnify him into a stupendous prodigy. He might be called, by the ministers of this very church, a fanatic, a madman, or a deceiver; he might be proclaimed and proscribed under all terms and forms of opprobrium or execration; but, the while, it was perfectly inevitable, that ‘all the world would wonder after the beast.’—Vol ii. pp. 288—291.

Were we required to point out the paper which, beyond all others was characteristic of the author, we should probably refer to the Review of Dr. Chalmers’s *Astronomical Discourses*. The grandeur and amplitude of the subject appear to have exerted their full influence on the writer, whose profound intellect was conjoined with an imagination of the loftiest and purest order. Our limits are, however, exceeded, and we must therefore abstain from quotation. We part from the volumes with regret, and scarcely need recommend them to the early perusal of our readers.

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Art. VII. *Ireland, Social, Political, and Religious*. By Gustave de Beaumont. 2 vols. 8vo. Fourth Edition. Paris. 1841.

WE are persuaded that our intelligent readers will, one and all, sympathize with us, in bewailing the present circumstances of Ireland. If the woof of her destiny may be connected with



any lines of glory, they have yet to make their appearance. Hitherto her history has been fraught with disaster,—evolving period after period of obscurity, misfortune, and darkness. In the earlier portion of the middle ages, we may now and then discern a ray of light gleaming from the casements of her monasteries, but the illumination quickly vanishes. Miracles and traditions, indeed, invest her with some interest, as the reputed abode of saints; but these, too, when examined, soon dwindle into shadows. The halo of what may be termed religious mythology will be found to cover little else than weakness, oppression, and savagery. Agricola used often to tell his biographer, that, *Legione und et modicis auxiliis debellari obtinerique Hiberniam posse!* Jerome describes the Irish as a set of dainty cannibals; and without doubt they must have been immersed in barbarism and misery. Under Charlemagne, some of the Scandinavians descended upon the sea coast, and laid the foundations of future cities. When their vigour declined, the native or Celtic chieftains are said to have formed five provincial kingdoms, in whose soil were sown and fostered the seeds of an iron aristocracy, exulting in tanistry, rather than primogeniture; and in curious customs of gavelkind, differing from those of the Anglo Saxon races. The tenure of land came thereby to be rendered about as uncertain as the grand enemies of civilization could desire. We suspect that for generations every man did that which seemed right in his own eyes, amidst mountains, bogs, and morasses. Government was a *nominis umbra*; or, when it ceased to be such, took precisely that shape already alluded to—the many-headed monster of a congeries of chieftainships. Meanwhile, we are told by Hallam, that the Brehon judges sat with primeval simplicity ‘upon turfen benches, in conspicuous situations, to determine controversies.’ The rude members of each sept wore, perhaps, fewer garments than they do now; yet it is heart-sickening to see how little the real physical comforts of the poor Irish have advanced within the lapse of a thousand years. Murder was compounded for by a fine; arts and commerce were nearly unknown. A few round towers had been erected probably by the Norwegian Ostmen, whose stone churches gave the aborigines their earliest ideas of architecture. The first castle ever built was that of Tuam, not long before the invasion of Strongbow. Christianity, however, had done something in mollifying mere national disposition. The tiger was so far tamed, that we may acquiesce in the description drawn by our constitutional historian as to the inhabitants of the sister island, throughout the twelfth century. ‘Their qualities were such as belong to man by his original nature, and which he displays in all parts of the globe where the state of society is

inartificial ; they were gay, generous, hospitable, ardent in attachment and hate, credulous of falsehood, prone to anger and violence, generally crafty, and cruel. With these customary attributes of a barbarous people, the Irish character was distinguished by a peculiar vivacity of imagination, an enthusiasm and impetuosity of passion, and a more than ordinary bias towards a submissive and superstitious spirit in religion.' So masterly and truthful a sketch should have been hung up, both framed and glazed, in the cabinets of our leading statesmen !

Several greedy nobles of England, Pope Adrian the Fourth of Rome, and our politic Henry the Second, formed a triumvirate of powers impatient for the spoil. There are declared to have been at one time, no less than three hundred bishoprics in Ireland, altogether independent of the papacy ; until, a little before the British invasion, one of their primates solicited a pall from his Holiness, according to the discipline long practised in other western churches. Adrian, who was an Englishman by birth, excited his royal countryman, already nothing loth, to undertake the task of subjugating so tempting an ecclesiastical territory under the keys of St. Peter. The rest is well known. Henry had the honour of receiving homage from the native princes. His English barons were to hold their possessions in feudal suzerainty, parcelling them out among their retainers, and expelling the natives through the usual processes of fire and sword. The popedom has really gained the most in the long run. Rome has in no quarter of Christendom more faithful subjects than the six or seven millions of Catholics inhabiting Munster, Connaught, and Leinster. On the other hand, the civil domination of the conquerors never took root, nor was suffered to do so. Its grand characteristic has been force, from first to last. The forms of better things were nominally established within what was termed the royal pale, or those parts of Ireland which the Plantagenet reckoned his own, but that was all. His great nobles lived as they listed. Charters, immunities, privileges of legal process, courts of justice, and trials by jury, were just so many cobwebs to magnates with a potent arm, sheathed in mail, wielding an irresistible sword, and looking upon the weak as only made to be meat for the strong. The grasp of oligarchy has been upon Ireland for ages ! We may perceive clearly, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the embryos of current grievances. The yoke of English lords beyond the Irish Channel proved worse than their villenage at home, more grinding,—more oppressive,—more without an object,—more beyond control,—and therefore in all respects more cruel. The natives, having stipulated for their ancient usages, came to be regarded as aliens always, and generally as enemies, before our

own tribunals. With certain exceptions, it was not even held felony to kill an Irishman; since his assassination might be atoned for with money. Meanwhile, the degeneracy of the victorious settlers followed hard upon their crimes. They sank rapidly to the level of their serfs and slaves, instead of elevating these in the scale of civilization. In custom, dress, language, personal filthiness, profligacy, and violence, they betrayed a preference for all sorts of inhuman licentiousness. An old Irish statute, the 25th Hen. VI. c. 4, lifts up the curtain with quaint simplicity from such scenes as the following, showing how both nations were involved in utter lawlessness. 'For that now there is no diversity in array *between English marchers and Irish enemies*, which do rob and kill by the highways, and destroy the common people, by lodging upon them in the nights; and also do kill the husbands in the nights, and do take their goods,' (we presume their wives, since there could have been little other property belonging to the Irishmen); 'wherefore it is ordained that no manner of man, that will be taken for an Englishman, shall have a beard above his mouth: that is to say, he shall have no hairs upon his upper lip, but that the said lip be once at least shaven every fortnight, or of equal growth with the nether lip. And if any be found contrary hereunto, it shall be lawful to take them and their goods, *as Irish enemies, and to ransom them as Irish enemies!*' We quote this as irrefragable evidence for demonstrating the purpose we have in hand, namely, that the greater country has all along, from time immemorial, tyrannized over the less. The sister kingdom has a heavy account against us, and we may depend upon it, that the several members of the European confederacy, with Jonathan from the United States for their foreman, are quite ready, on the very earliest occasion, to find a verdict accordingly. The professed constitution of Ireland was nearly a counterpart of our own. The administration, according to Hallam, 'was vested in an English justiciary, or lord deputy, with a council of judges, principal officers, prelates, and barons, subordinate to that of England. The courts were the same in both countries, but writs of error lay from judgments given in the King's Bench to the same court in England.' Ireland had also nominal parliaments; yet dependent in the same manner. All, in fact, was internal disorder and ruin; the embers of a civil conflagration, only prevented from bursting forth into flames, through the wretched expedient of wet blankets. Whenever these were withdrawn, the fire took its course. During the contests of York and Lancaster, the interests and influence of England smouldered and crumbled away. Under Henry the Seventh they extended over a mere strip of country, from Dublin to Dundalk, on the coast, and for about thirty



miles inland. The Tudors, however, soon built up again the policy of their predecessors. Poyning's law, passed at Drogheda in 1495, helped to restore British supremacy. It enacted, amongst other important provisions, that all statutes lately made in England should be deemed good and effectual in Ireland; and although this had been declared before, by an act under Edward the Fourth, it is from this era that the English sceptre came forth once more, like the club of Hercules, crushing into atoms every impediment to its progress. Henry the Eighth prostrated the Fitzgeralds, and appropriated their lands. Ireland had been hitherto only styled a lordship, but he raised it into a kingdom. Then came the Reformation, with its fresh elements of confusion and difficulty. Whatever opinion we may entertain of the Roman Catholic religion, it should never be forgotten that Ireland has clung to it as her palladium. Protestantism can gain nothing by blinking this great fact. The Blue Beard who had declared himself Head of the Church in England, proceeded to do the same at Dublin. The hierarchy there resisted, almost to a man, the pretensions of a lay pope, although in the later scenes of the church and state drama, under his daughter Elizabeth, not a few wheeled round with the times, and compromised with their consciences. Meanwhile the commonalty abjured these treacherous and secular shepherds, teaching their children and children's children to detest the English establishment as they would death itself. National animosities thus grew exasperated by the still more invincible prejudices of superstition. The disciples of Cranmer and Ridley dwindled into the merest inconsiderable minority among the Anglo-Irish colony, as well as amongst the natives. Their church remained a casket without its jewels, a temple without worshippers, a government without subjects, a fold without sheep, of which last the dogs were as dumb of voice as they were ravenous in appetite and violence. The Church of England in Ireland is not, therefore, a grievance of yesterday, but an abomination to the catholics of three hundred years standing.

The virgin queen, and her successors, never dreamed of treating Ireland, otherwise than as our sapient squirearchy treat their hounds. Rebellion after rebellion, of the Desmonds and Tyrones, enabled the crown to scourge the people into sullen and ferocious submission. Before James the First commenced his procedures in Ulster, desolation seems to have stalked through the land. Holingshed declares, that 'every way the curse of God,' by which he must have meant the English conqueror, 'was so great, and the land had become so barren of man and beast, that whosoever did travel from the one end to the other of all Munster, even from Waterford, to the head of

Limerick, which is about six-score miles, should not meet any man, woman, or child, saving in towns and cities; nor yet see any creature but the very wolves, the foxes, and other-like ravening animals.' Elizabeth was once assured, that her deputy, Sir Arthur Grey, had left little for her to reign over, *but ashes and carcasses!* The Protestant establishment had been set up, by the foulest play, with regard to the packing of an assembly honoured, or rather mocked with the appellation of a Parliament! The Stuarts abhorred even the vestiges of liberty, and therefore acted accordingly in both islands. James enforced all the penalties against recusancy, extinguishing at the same time the old tenures and usages of tanistry and gavelkind. He resolved further to employ the vast forfeitures which had escheated to his crown, in promoting British settlements throughout various counties, more especially in the north. Gross injustice came now to be practised upon a larger scale than ever before, towards the native Irish. The monarch and his minions extorted from the prostrate people whatever they had left to surrender: nor can we question for a moment, but that the religious tyranny of the Anglican establishment on the one hand, and the inquisition into defective titles as to native estates, on the other, were the primary causes of the tragedy in 1641. Even the lords of the pale could not help seeing, that the self-styled Solomon of his age, drove matters forward too fast, in his unconstitutional mode of moulding Parliaments to his will. They once ventured to remonstrate to their master against the sudden creation of forty new boroughs; to which his reply characteristically expressed the soul of that arbitrary policy, which England has denounced towards herself, whilst daring to practise it towards another: 'What is it to you, whether I make many or few boroughs? My council may consider the fitness, if I require it. But what, if I had created forty noblemen and four hundred boroughs? The more the merrier, the fewer the better cheer.' Strafford carried on the game of despotism, fraud, confiscation, and legal vengeance. Cromwell substituted the naked sword for the last, and was probably more honest in doing so. But according to lord Clarendon, the sanguinary measures of his army were such, that the sufferings of Ireland, from the commencement of the civil wars to their close, have never been surpassed but by those of the Jews under Titus! Any decadence of animosity towards England, withdrew further from realization than ever: nor could the act of settlement at the Restoration, nor the fierce contest consequent upon the Revolution, be expected to compose the bubbling volcano of an exasperated kingdom. The treaty of Limerick only hushed the uproar for a time. Outlawry and massacre, had done so enormous a work, that they

hesitated a while, through very weariness. Catholicism still reigned in the affections of the mass of the people; where it sat, like Marius upon the ruins of Carthage. Around it lay a devastated realm. Its votaries, from having possessed in former generations the great bulk of landed property, from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, could now scarcely call one-seventh of the soil their own. Even, on that remnant, it was persecuted and insulted. Glebes, tithes, and altars, had passed into other hands. No Papist might keep a school, or teach in private houses, except the children of the family. The nearest and dearest relationships of life were watched and interfered with, 'by a series of laws,' says Hallam, 'during the reigns of William and Anne, which have scarce a parallel in European history, unless it be that of the Protestants in France, after the revocation of the edict of Nantz, who yet were but a feeble minority of the whole people.' In Ireland, however, her *oppressors* were the handful in numbers. They might have been swept out of the land, but for the military power of Great Britain. Hence, the fretting ulcer of shame, and visible injury, had no chance of healing. The priests were hunted down, registered like aliens, fleeced whenever there was an opportunity, banished into foreign parts for the slightest infringement of unrighteous regulations, and given over as victims to the most abandoned informers. Political rights were of course annihilated. The elective franchise was taken away from Romanists of whatever degree, in 1715; or perhaps not absolutely, until 1727. When the Irish Parliament presumed to deny an appellant jurisdiction to the British sceptre, our indignant aristocracy rose like one man, and brought in their bill for better securing the dependancy of Ireland; whereby it was enacted, that his Majesty with the English Houses of Lords and Commons 'had, hath, and *of right ought to have* full power and authority to make laws and statutes, binding upon the kingdom and people of Ireland.' Archbishops Boulter and Stone took care that this infamous Act should not remain a dead letter. All the principal offices, both ecclesiastical and civil, were conferred on strangers. The former of the primates just mentioned, had no better expedient for carrying on administration, than importing as many English-born bishops as possible: for 'these are the persons,' he sagaciously observes, '*on whom the government must depend for doing the public business here!*' When, notwithstanding all this tyranny, the country proved in so thriving a condition in 1753, that there happened to be a surplus revenue, the Irish House of Commons, then in session at Dublin, determined to apply it towards the liquidation of debt. But no; England had the effrontery to maintain, that the entire revenue belonged to the king! Let us only put the query to ourselves, bearing in



mind the American war, as to how far we should have tolerated any such usurpations on the part of Ireland towards Great Britain, had the latter been the weaker of the two islands : and then we shall be in a condition for deciding upon that question, which will sooner or later absorb all public attention ;—Justice to Ireland.

At the close of the war last alluded to, the Irish volunteers, with arms in their hands, at length emancipated themselves from some portion of their thralldom, in 1782. Notwithstanding the audacity of our present ministry in glossing over the truth, there seemed to begin from that era far better days for Ireland, than she had as yet known. The spirit, which had asserted and won her independence, circulated through all classes. The scale of national and social comfort evinced symptoms of decided improvement. Her exports and imports developed themselves in the healthiest directions. The increase in the consumption of tea, was eighty-four per cent. ; in that of sugar, fifty-seven ; in that of coffee, six hundred ; and in that of wines, seventy-five. Liberty was the life blood of a reviving people. The testimonies to the correctness of these statements are overwhelming. Pitt, Fox, Foster, Grattan, and others, unite in the same story. Lord Clare said in 1785, — ‘ There is no country in the world which has advanced so much in her agriculture and manufactures as Ireland has within this brief period.’ In 1799, Lord Plunkett described her as ‘ a little island, with a population of four or five millions, culminating in prosperity beyond any other in the earth ; when in that position, she was called upon to surrender her parliament to the people of another little island, placed beside her, scarcely double her size.’ In fact, the noblest patriots, then alive, opposed the Union, and still more did they execrate the means whereby it was carried. Lord Chief Justice Bushe, respected equally on both sides the channel, declared that ‘ when he stripped the measure of its deceptions, he saw but one question in it,—namely, Would they give up their nationality ? It was, he considered, a measure which involved their entire degradation,—a measure that was nothing less than the renewal of the title by conquest ; it was a total denial of the rights of nature to a noble nation, *through an intolerance of its prosperity !*’ Now, we are far from saying, that this is our own humble opinion : but we quote such passages to shew what the great Irish leaders felt at the time, on a point which they denounced as touching their honour and patriotism. Charles James Fox, in 1806, avowed openly, that the Union was as atrocious in principle, as it was abominable for the manner in which it was effected. No such organization for political profligacy would

be now tolerated. It is notorious, that an almost incredible sum was sunk in the purchase of rotten boroughs. Gross downright bribes, to the extent of £3,000,000, were expended in actual payment of persons, who voted as the court desired, in both houses. Stars, coronets, mitres, silk gowns, the ermine of the bench, the richest patronage, and most penetrating powers of the state, were all set in motion towards the single object of achieving that which Oliver Cromwell had first proposed, a century and a half before. The late Lord Chancellor Plunkett boldly arraigned government with 'fomenting a languishing rebellion,' for no other purpose! Other high legal authorities did the same. Earl Grey, with many of the Whigs, demonstrated, that whatever petitions were presented in favour of the Union, had been signed by parties under the auspices and domination of the Lord Lieutenant. Hence, large allowances, we conceive, must be made for O'Connell, as respects occasional violence of language. He has spoken and acted for forty years, as the impersonation of anti-repeal sentiment. His countrymen, since the emancipation, have rallied round him, with an unwearied enthusiasm; whilst the recital of their wrongs, from his lips, at meeting after meeting, has literally rendered him the voice of an angry nation. The recent trials, marked as they have been from their commencement with imbecility, folly, and carelessness, must be ranked with that of Sacheverel under Queen Anne; evincing to the dullest capacity, that the pilots at the helm are not fit to govern. Every liberal in England has forgotten the mighty errors of the Irish Liberator, through personal sympathy with him as a manifestly injured man. At the same time, nothing is more clear than that something, and indeed a great deal, must be done. Nor, in our judgment, with the example of Belgium and Holland before us, is there an hour to lose. Ireland is at the present instant, we fear, only part and parcel of the British Empire in name, and not in spirit. She is occupied rather than governed, as Lord John Russell justly observed. Matters can never go on in such a state, for any continuance: and we confess ourselves amongst those, who would deprecate, as the greatest of national disasters, the perpetuation, even for a few years, of circumstances as they are now, with the moral certainty of severance at the earliest opportunity. We had rather see the UNION REALIZED: and in order to secure this, we feel prepared to make ample concessions. Will our readers be kind enough to bear with us, whilst we state them? There is a crisis at hand, which may shake the pillars of our power to their deepest foundation. Ten minds are now intent upon our actual position and prospects, with regard to the sister kingdom,

where some months since, only one perhaps condescended to glance at them.

1. We would begin at once with that grievance which is the most galling—the Church Establishment. As intimated already, through the operation of causes to our own minds sufficiently palpable, the reformation never struck its roots into the hearts of our neighbours. The form in which it has always appeared to the vast majority, are those of rogue, bailiff, and heretic! Both hands, and all the pockets, are full of property, clearly not its own: a parchment alone covers the appropriation: whilst, ecclesiastically, in catholic and Irish eyes, the episcopalian protestant is infinitely more horrible than independents, baptists, and quakers; inasmuch, as all these unite in denouncing every species of spiritual larceny and usurpation. This established church, according to a parliamentary census, embraces 753,000 souls out of a population numbering upwards of eight millions. The value of its revenues and glebes, including diocesan, parochial, chapter, and other estates, together with its palaces, parsonages, cathedrals, churches, chapels, and fines, may be averaged at £1,250,000 per annum;—if we mistake not, about equivalent to the public income enjoyed by the entire clergy and hierarchy of France, with her population of thirty-four millions! The Anglican clergy and laity of Ireland consist of two classes: one, which may be said to include those who care about religion; and another, comprising a motley assemblage,—sporting incumbents, gay, good-natured, hospitable, roystering country gentlemen,—who look upon the whole affair as a matter of state policy, and external decency. The first of these classes possesses much sincere piety, but unhappily alloyed with a bigotry knowing no bounds. If catholics are to be won to protestantism, verily these worthy, yet most short-sighted episcopalians, are the worst missionaries in the world for the purpose. Their bitterness of attack, the acrimony and general unfairness of their public discussions, have done more than all the Romanists put together, towards arresting the circulation of the scriptures, and strengthening, however unintentionally, the arms of the papacy. The fulminations of the rotunda have been anything rather than the still small voice of God—or the silver trumpet of his gospel. They have exemplified *Æsop's* fable of the sun and the storm attempting to obtain his cloak from the traveller. Doctor Hook, of Leeds, has been informed, that from Reformation meetings of the greatest magnitude, the catholics generally calculated upon about twenty to thirty conversions to their own way of thinking! Episcopal evangelism has therefore effected little: but what can be expected from the other class? 'A short time since,' says Mr. O'Connell



at Covent Garden, 'a very respectable gentleman, named Archdeacon De Lacy died. He was the nephew of a bishop, and according to the advertisement of the sale of his effects, he was an excellent man; *he had eleven hunters, an excellent pack of hounds, and an excellent, indeed a most splendid cellar of wine!*' It will be remembered that the catholic clergy of Ireland have repudiated all manner of support from the state. Let any man look on this picture, and look on that! We would fain waste not a word more about this matter. The repealers, in their manifesto, profess the utmost readiness to respect all life interests: which is fairness, if not liberality, in our notions of the case, *ad unguem*. We would at all events abolish so enormous a nuisance, root and branch, from the face of Ireland; appropriating the entire ecclesiastical property of Ireland to the poor-rates of that country. Few things to our mind have seemed more striking than the submission, with which, upon the whole, an irascible nation, bowed down with poverty and insult, has endured from generation to generation, the ravages of what we would term the lion and the dragon of human society—an oppressive aristocracy, and an opulent, crafty church establishment.

2. Our next step should be to arrange the elective franchise. On no ground, however, have our present rulers shown more tergiversation and perverseness. The *animus* of their conduct has been the very essence of faction. How short a time has elapsed since Lord Stanley threw nearly all public business into abeyance, whilst, supported by conservative members, he had almost forced upon the House of Commons a measure intended to annihilate Irish liberty altogether! All he then professed to want was a pure registration. Behold the same individuals now casting their professions to the four winds of heaven, and holding out, as a boon, the recent peculiar crotchet of their own, which is to strengthen county representation, and give the Chandos clause a parallel for absurdity in the sister island. When the landowners of that country had their special purpose to serve, they could cover their estates with forty-shilling freeholders, to be driven to the hustings at a certain beck and call, like so many flocks of geese and turkeys. Catholic emancipation, however, deprived this wretched constituency of their votes; since which, religious absentees, and noblemen of the Reformation Society, have not hesitated to turn them, featherless and houseless, upon the world, that their little tenures might be rapidly absorbed in the larger occupations of protestant farmers. The whole Irish constituency has declined to below a hundred thousand. In the county of Cork, where, seven years ago, there were 4000 voters, we only find now 1500! That same county, with a population of 850,000, of which 140,000 inhabit large cities or towns, pos-

sesses no more than eight representatives. Wales, with a population of 800,000, has 38,000 registered voters, and returns 28 members. Cork, moreover, it must be remembered, is the Liverpool or New York of Ireland; and through its custom-house pours a flood of revenue into the united treasury. So again, Mayo, with a population of 350,000, can only produce 900 persons possessing the franchise, which is considerably below one in every 350! We would at once concede the suffrage to Ireland, regulated by suitable registration, modified by a tenure of at least one year, proved by the payment of some recognized rate to a place of worship, some minister of religion, or the poor of the district, or the coffers of the state; and, above all, shielded by the ballot. We had better secure the grace of granting these matters, before they are wrested from us; nor need we be frightened at the idea of a constituent body thus formed proving too unwieldy: for parliamentary statistics demonstrate that we must deduct from the 8,000,000 of Ireland, more than 2,300,000 as paupers, whilst the remarkable fecundity of marriages will not allow the registration to be calculated as having to comprise more than above 700,000 names. These would not be too numerous, we conceive, for an orderly government; more especially since temperance has almost banished disorder, even from the monster meetings for repeal. The silent vote, also, would probably work wonders.

3. Ireland now sends to the imperial parliament one hundred and five members, to which we would add forty-five more, making the total one hundred and fifty. Looking fairly at Scotland and Wales, this number can scarcely be deemed out of proportion. There are more than three times as many Irish as there are Scotch in the united kingdom: the rental of Ireland, including tithes, may be taken at £16,000,000/, and that of Scotland at £6,000,000; whilst the revenue from the former is £5,000,000. But to meet this augmentation in favour of Ireland, without increasing our own lower house, already much too large, we would introduce an appendix or supplement to schedule A; extinguishing, in fact, a sufficient number of English rotten boroughs, such as Wenlock, Malton, Harwich, and the like. The corporations also of Ireland ought to be equalized with those of Great Britain. What useless and fruitless heart-burnings might not Sir Robert Peel have avoided, had he only let his opponents do, at first what the force of public opinion enabled them, in some imperfect measure, to effect after all; and what he seems now half ready to do himself. But we would frankly extract from the charter of Irish municipalism, the *veteris vestigia flammæ* altogether. Why should they remain, except for the special perpetuation of discord? To

be upon the list of burgesses at Dublin, a man must occupy a house at £20 a year (for the absurd £10 anomaly comes to that), besides having to pay no less than nine different rates. The municipal register, therefore, in the Irish capital, has literally come to be cut down to one-third of even its legitimate number, under the present statute. An interminable series of vexations await the corporate body through the operation of such a system. If freedom is to exist at all, let her home be made comfortable, and her existence a gratification. Nothing can have exceeded the decorum and good behaviour of the Irish municipal dignitaries who have been as yet elected to fill velvet chairs, wear scarlet gowns, adorn their persons in golden chains, or expatiate in the splendour of maces and beadles. This may provoke a smile, and that harmlessly ; but instead of degenerating into normal schools of agitation, the trouble of looking after their various affairs seems to have educated the Irish corporations into new habits. Wine merchants and fishmongers may lament the old orthodox practices of seven-bottled heroes and gormandizing aldermen, who rose to toast the *immortal memory*, if they could really rise, and tumbled under the table if they could not. Those days have passed away, together with a thousand other vanities and atrocities, once imagined to be amongst the firmest bulwarks of British dominion and protestant ascendancy.

4. Our next measure for the benefit of Ireland may be more open to difference of opinion: but the grand object we have in view, is to check the tremendous growth of pauperism. The report of the parliamentary commissioners is well known, and has been already alluded to. We are persuaded, that under Providence, nothing but sacerdotal influence, in combination with an abandonment of spirit-drinking, (however we may lament the superstition connected with the former,) could have kept the surface of society in any tolerable degree of calmness. Indigence is the prolific parent of crime, whose cradle is rocked by discontent ; whilst the worst passions of a fallen heart only wait for opportunity of employment. Kohl, the German tourist, has published his impressions as to what met his eye in Ireland. ‘ I remember,’ he says, ‘ when I saw the poor Lettes in Livonia, I used to pity them for having to live in huts built of the unhewn logs of trees, the crevices being stopt up with moss. I pitied them on account of their low doors, and diminutive windows, and gladly would I have arranged new chimnies for them in a more suitable manner. Heaven pardon my ignorance,—I knew not that I should ever behold a people suffering from yet heavier privations. But now that I have seen Ireland, it seems to me, that the Lettes, the Esthonians, and the Finlanders, lead a life of comparative com-



fort ; so that poor Paddy would feel like a king with their houses, their habiliments, and their daily fare. His cabin, in the wilder regions, is built of earth, one shovelful over the other, with a few stones intermingled here and there, till the wall is high enough. But, perhaps, you will say, the roof is thatched, or covered with bark. Aye, indeed ! a few sods of grass cut from a neighbouring bog are his only thatch. Well—but a window, or two at least, if it be only a pane of glass fixed in the wall, or the bladder of some animal, or a piece of talc, as may often be seen in a Wallachian hut ? What idle luxury were this ! There are thousands of cabins, in which not a trace of a window is to be seen. Nothing but a little square hole in front, which does the duty of door, window, and chimney : for light, smoke, pigs, parents, and children, all must pass out and in of the same aperture ! So again the French author, M. Beaumont, assures all Europe, that the North American Indian savage is better lodged in his wigwam, than the Irish peasant : and from what we have more or less witnessed ourselves, we believe it. This evil, also is frightfully on the increase ; insomuch that the population would seem to have touched that point of misery and degradation, from whence the positive retrogression of existence commences. What we mean is, that there is now in the sister kingdom a cessation of that increment, which the numbers of a people left to the operation of nature and ordinary causes ought to manifest. It is declared, that so intense and dreadful is the destitution, that 70,000 lives per annum may be set down as the penalty of Irish misgovernment ! In other words, politically speaking, the plague has begun ! Pestilence, on his pale horse, with death and the grave following him, has issued forth over a prostrate land. Who shall stand between the dead and the living, is the question asked on all hands. That the Irish peasantry are willing to work, if they could but get employment, appears to be admitted on every quarter. To meet this willingness on the spot must evidently be most desirable. Now for this special purpose we would impose a tax upon the property of absentees, who carry out of their own country about £9,000,000 of annual revenue. Such an impost at five per cent., would return £450,000 ; and we would add to it an income tax of one per cent., or, perhaps, one-half only per cent. upon all Irish incomes above £100 a year. The proceeds of these two duties should be altogether devoted to public improvements ; whether common roads, railways, bridges, piers, quays, canals, or necessary buildings for national uses. No object should be undertaken, until sanctioned by an order from the Privy Council : whilst the general administration of the fund, as to its local details, should be conducted by a Board of Public Works. This last might

consist of twelve members, selected by ballot from the 150 parliamentary representatives; to whom we would add seven of the twenty-eight representative peers, to serve for one year each in rotation, and two town councillors from each of the corporations. District committees, and proper sworn surveyors, should have the subordinate charge of improvements going forward in their respective vicinities; all and each to be under as scrupulous a visitation as possible from the central board. In every case a majority of voices should be binding, as to grants, or loans of money: the Lord Lieutenant to decide finally, whenever the votes might happen to be equal. We would, in fact, do our best to prevent jobbing in the upper classes, and secure employment for the lower ones. If we could once concentrate the energies of an animated population upon industrial engagements, it would arrest the progress of indigence, allay the fever of discontent, allure capital into the country, develop its internal resources, bring home emigrants, and relieve the whole social system from ten thousand difficulties. Literally, Erin is one of the fairest islands on the face of the globe. The river Shannon is the noblest stream in the British European dominions. The sea coast is indented with the most magnificent havens. No nook of territory is more than thirty miles from some port or harbour. Drainage might circumscribe the bogs, and improve the general climate. Richer soils are no where else to be found. Myriads of hardy hands are only waiting for the means of labour. The country, as it now lies under the view of the philanthropist, represents a sleeping beauty, buried in unnatural torpor through vile neglect and worse oppression. Dreams of horror and violence may be perturbing her mind, if we may judge from the contortions of her countenance. But there is nothing, in the nature of things, to prevent her from shaking off her slumbers, and assuming the full functions of life and health before an admiring world.

5. Then comes the complex question with regard to the tenure of property. Part of our object, in sketching out the earlier history of Ireland, was to shew, that from the earliest times, immense irregularities in this respect existed. We are reminded of an incessant scramble for the surface of the soil, upon the strange principle of 'catch who can.' Wherever there is so little day-labour, as occurs in Ireland, each plot of ground, however, small, assumes another aspect to what it wears in England or Wales. Families, without such a plot, are without the means of subsistence, in nine cases out of ten. Land, therefore, amongst the densely peopled districts of Ireland, is the direct pabulum of life. Men struggle for its possession upon any terms. There is none of that grave, sober calculation, with which one of our peasantry

looks over the gate of the close he thinks of hiring; turning over in his ideas, or chalking upon a board, the value of its gross produce, with the set-off of rates, rent, manure, labour, and tithes. No sooner are some score of square land-yards to be let, than twenty applicants are down upon it, each bidding against the other; all utterly reckless as to their agricultural habits, or their ability to pay. Hunger is the real tenant, and avarice is the real landlord. Since the reign of George the First, a class of middle-men have stepped in between the proprietor and occupier. These persons hold large tracts upon long leases, paying a moderate rent themselves, but exacting the most enormous one from their sub-tenants. Competition, such as we have alluded to, will send up the price of an acre, for which with us twenty or thirty shillings would be paid, to the amount of five, seven, or even as we have heard of nine or ten pounds per annum. Proper cultivation, not to say improvement, is out of the question. The soil gets worked out by the wretched serf who groans in vain, over his broken spade, to keep away the wolf of famine from that den, in which even wholesome swine ought not to be immured. The rent, however, must be paid, or he goes. The bailiff is at hand, after quarter-day, to unhouse the penniless pauper, with his wife and children; a family of ghastly spectres! Besides all these practical features of the catastrophe, there are the legal ones, compared with which, the windings of the Cretan labyrinth were as straight as a French high-road. To explore them, the Earl of Devon has undertaken his commission, from which we may well expect the Minotaur of disappointment. According to our apprehensions, the interlopers should be got rid of, by some process to be rendered as agreeable to all parties as possible; and of course involving compensation for the extinction of any fair vested interests. Removed, in some way or other, the middle-men must be. They eclipse the sunshine of prosperity from an entire people. It cannot be too often repeated, that whilst property possesses its rights, it has also its duties. Within the shores of the sister kingdom, it has had to undergo more than once, rather a rough sort of settlement; as for example, that which occurred on the accession of Charles the Second, or those connected with the forfeitures accruing from reiterated rebellions. Equity of tenure is that which is now required; the cruel gauntlet, which has hitherto covered the fingers of aristocratic power, must be laid aside. No nobleman, or gentleman, should remain at liberty, by a letter to his steward, to unroof fifty or a hundred cabins at once, and turn out their inmates, amidst the inclemencies of wind and weather; which far too frequently has been done. Some scheme must be gradually introduced for securing leases to the genuine occupant. His rent must be



arranged, upon such terms, as will enable him to pay it, and yet realize some fair moderate reward for his toil. The establishment of agricultural societies has been tried with no inconsiderable success we understand, in Meath, and various other parts of Ireland. Let them be multiplied ten and a hundred fold. Let rewards be given for the neatest cottages, the best homesteads, the best thatchers, the best breeds of cattle: and let the cultivation of flax be promoted, wherever practicable. But till poor Paddy knows precisely what he can call his own, it is worse than hopeless, to expect a cessation of those agrarian outrages, which shock every feeling of human nature, banish capital from the country, and render such districts as Tipperary, a reproach to the united kingdom. A settled equity of tenure, and a plain, simple system of agriculture adapted to the soil, climate, and circumstances of Ireland, would work wonders for her welfare.\*

6. There is one further concession, which we would offer with most unfeigned cordiality. It is, that certain extensive classes of offices should be occupied by none but Irishmen. Few give themselves the trouble to recollect how utterly this principle has been lost sight of. Nothing more tended to the severance of Belgium from Holland, than an obstinate perseverance on the part of the late king, in a policy palpably unjust: namely, that it was not safe to fill civil and military posts with natives. The more a paternal government confides in its subjects, the stronger and deeper is the basis of its power. Whatever tends to perpetuate sectional division, or national and religious ascendancy, should be carefully kept out of sight, if not altogether obliterated. Let the union between the two countries be a substantial one in all respects: so that discussions, about federalism and separate legislatures, may be buried in one common sepulchre of unanimity and concord. It may be in vain that we remonstrate with conservatism; with lord chancellors, Irish prelates denouncing Maynooth and national education, or

\* We were struck with the boldness of M. Beaumont, on this portion of our subject. Without transcribing his elegant French, we may just mention, that he would break the feudal shackles at once, which enchain the soil: he would abolish entails, substitute an equal division of lands in the stead of primogeniture, facilitate sales, establish registration as in France, Scotland, Yorkshire, and Middlesex, and generally aim at forming a class of small cultivating proprietors. To such persons he would fain look, with all the sanguine temperament of his countrymen, for the noblest results. 'Hasten,' he says, 'to pass laws, which shall render the surface of Ireland marketable: *divide and fraction property*, as much as you can; for these are the only means, *in reversing an aristocracy that must fall*, to elevate the lower orders: these are the only means of bringing agriculture, for useful purposes, within reach of the people; *since it is an inevitable necessity, that the peasantry of Ireland are to become the owners of the land!*' Absentee proprietors may already see the hand-writing on the wall, so plainly we think, that he who runs may read!

the established clergy generally, who seem to abhor catholicism and nonconformity with about equal hatred: but British candour and justice will probably open their eyes before it be too late, to the incalculable advantages of satisfying so many millions of our fellow-subjects, as are now identified in heart and feeling with Daniel O'Connell. A timely arrangement, (and there is really no time to lose,) would secure a good working government for Ireland; strengthen our own liberal friends in England; and enable us to present an unbroken front towards both the continents of Europe and America. The three kingdoms would flourish, and in truth become *tria juncta in uno*!

Ireland, we repeat it, stands in the greatest need of what she would thus attain. The repealers *profess* to execrate all ideas of separation between the two countries; their object being neither more nor less than the restoration of their natural legislature, to avoid such a catastrophe. Now, the Marquis of Normanby, and Lord Fortescue, were able so to manage matters, as to reduce the criminal business at assizes, dispense with regiments and artillery, and make triumphant progresses through the green island. The value of estates rose to thirty and thirty-three years' purchase; with ready sales, and prospects the most cheering of improved cultivation. What has brought another spirit over the dream, so that every village now bristles with bayonets, the land is covered with barracks, the sea ports are surrounded with fortifications, and the walls of old ramparts pierced for musketry and cannon? Is the power of Sir Robert Peel, from Coleraine to Waterford, comparable to that of the Liberator? Is Queen Victoria able to visit Dublin, or Cork, or the lakes of Killarney, as she enjoyed Edinburgh or the Highlands of Scotland? There must be rottenness inherent in Toryism somewhere; since the sovereign is not personally unpopular, the premier does not want senatorial ability, though he may be without the vast capacity of a statesman, and the ministry in many respects has stolen and acted upon the measures of its predecessors. We say again, that *the union must be realized*, monopoly must be abolished, exclusiveness must be annihilated; the barriers of bigotry must be thrown down, and their very foundations ploughed up, and planted with love, joy, peace, goodwill, and magnanimity. Ought the late traversers, with their great leader, to be incarcerated? Let us hear the honourable member for Dungarvon, in addressing the late Dublin jury on this subject:—

' You may deprive him of his liberty—you may shut him out from the light of nature—you may inter him in a dungeon to which a ray of the sun never yet descended; but you never will take away from him the consciousness of having performed the noblest actions. Neither he

nor his son are guilty of the sanguinary intents which have been ascribed to them ; and for this they put themselves upon their country. Rescue that phrase from its technicalities : let it no longer be a fictitious one. If we have lost our representation in parliament, let us behold it in the jury-box ; and that you participate in the feelings of millions of your countrymen, let your verdict afford a proof. But it is not to Ireland, that the active solicitude with which the result of this trial is intently watched, will be confined. There is not a great city in Europe in which upon the day when the intelligence shall be expected to arrive, men will not stop each other in the public way, and inquire whether twelve men upon their oaths have doomed to incarceration the patriot who gave liberty to Ireland. Whatever may be your adjudication, he is prepared to meet it. He knows that the eyes of the world are upon him, and that posterity, whether in a gaol or out of it, will look back to him with admiration : he is almost indifferent to what may befall him ; and he is far more solicitous for others at the present moment, than for himself. At the commencement of what I said to you, I mentioned that I was not unmoved, and that many incidents of my political life, the strange alterations of fortune, through which I have passed, came back upon me. But now the bare possibility at which I have glanced, has, I acknowledge, almost unmanned me. Shall I, who stretch out to you on behalf of the son the hand whose fetters the father had struck off, ever live to cast mine eyes upon that domicile of sorrow, in the vicinity of this great metropolis, and say, 'Tis there they have immured the Liberator of Ireland, with his fondest and best beloved child ?' No — it shall never be ! You will not consign him to the spot to which the Attorney-general invites you to surrender him. No ! When the spring shall have come again, and the winter shall have passed,—when the spring shall have come again, it is not through the windows of this doleful mansion that the father of such a son, and the son of such a father, shall look upon those green hills toward which the eyes of many a captive have gazed wistfully and in vain : but, in their own mountain home, they shall again listen to the murmurs of the great Atlantic ; they shall go forth and inhale the freshness of the morning air together ; they shall be free of mountain solitude ; they will be encompassed with the loftiest images of liberty on every side ; and if time shall have stolen its suppleness from the father's bones, or impaired the firmness of his tread, he shall lean on the child of her that watches him from heaven, and shall look out from some high place far and wide, into the island whose greatness and glory shall be for ever associated with his name. Let the British government understand, through your verdict, that some measure, besides a state prosecution, is necessary for the pacification of your country !'—*Report in the Times, 29th January, 1844.*

Not only could Ireland gain from the fair treatment of England, but the latter would also reap abundant advantages. If two persons are tied together, the healthiness or sickness of each will assuredly tell upon the other. Yet what we now have principally in view, is the resuscitation of liberalism on this side the channel. The Reform Bill seems to have been, in



certain senses, the Revolution of 1688 over again, applied to another branch of the legislature. It was a mighty popular movement, cunningly taken by the aristocracy into their own hands, and managed accordingly. A century and a half ago, the people of these realms, smarting under regal despotism, got rid of the offending dynasty; and then vainly fancied themselves free. It is curious to look back upon the bitterness of disappointment felt in those times, as compared with the similar discontents of the present. On the death of George the Fourth, the middle classes, over-ridden for many reigns by an oligarchy, determined on the extinction of rotten boroughs. Their resolution was favoured by such circumstances, as the banishment of the Bourbons from France; and was further so decidedly expressed in every corner of the kingdom, that our nobles said among themselves, 'We must *appear* to yield:' and so in appearance they did. The upas tree was sentenced to be cut down by the axes of those very individuals most interested, in taking good care that it should speedily spring up again. We do not mean to say that an anti-constitutional conspiracy was entered into, in precisely so many words: but we do aver, that the genius of aristocracy has again won the game against the people; and that the stock of mischief so industriously left in the ground, with its roots entire, has realized the worst fears of those who foresaw the evil; and that with little difference, Great Britain and Ireland are now pretty much where they were before the celebrated ministry of Earl Grey! We, nevertheless, venture to entertain an opinion that Ireland, if once calmed down into a right state of mind, might prove an instrument to help us out of this dilemma. The parliamentary majority of two hundred, on behalf of liberty in 1832, has changed into a minority of ninety within a period of ten years! So effective have been the machinations of conservatism, the sorcery of its spells and catchcalls, and the astuteness of the Carlton Club. To satisfy the sister kingdom with her fair share of representation, we have conceived it necessary that forty-five nomination seats should be extinguished here, and replaced by as many genuine constituencies there. The result, we are persuaded, would mightily strengthen the patriotic party, throughout the whole imperial parliament. In the neighbouring island, enchantments, which enthrall the English shopocracy and minor gentry, are perfectly harmless. Both catholics and presbyterians have abandoned their predilections for alliances between church and state. The ballot, presuming it to be conceded, (for in the approaching crisis, Ireland may be able to make her own terms), will shelter the patriotism of the 'finest peasantry upon earth,' and bring that palladium of

liberty into immediate and beneficial contact with our own institutions. The Romans thought, or at least suggested, that Ireland should be conquered by their arms, *ut e conspectu libertas tolleretur*: we would fain reverse the idea, and propose her emancipation from all unjust ascendancy, that British freedom may be consolidated.

Meanwhile, where is the foreign state, whose governors are not fastening the green eye of jealousy upon our power and rank amongst nations? Where is the cabinet, in either hemisphere, whose politicians are not pointing the finger of scorn to that mine of unparalleled peril, which they kindly trust will explode at our very doors? The map of Ireland, with the history of its wrongs and mismanagement, with its population and resources, its poverty and heroism, its religion and popular impulses, forms notoriously a matter of close study at Washington, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg! In the moment of trial, should it arrive, there will be every country of the world against us, eager for the painted feathers still glittering in the peacock's tail. The maritime nations will once more combine for asserting the freedom of the seas: and that too, with navies of their own, and America to man and lead them. The ambition of Russia will look graciously, even upon those whom she will in her heart style rebels, so that they enable her, amidst the confusion of Europe, to controul both Sweden and Denmark,—appropriate the Sound,—monopolize the Baltic,—rivet her chains upon Poland,—push forward her southern frontiers,—and finally unfurl her banners over the Bosphorus and Constantinople. France, almost ready to go to pieces through the mania of her hatred of England, and the elements of convulsion within her bosom, will find no rest for the sole of her foot, until the glories of Napoleon shall have returned, in the realization of what she terms her national destinies. The dreams of those, who will struggle to wield her energies, when Louis Philippe has passed from the scene, include a revival of military conquest, a mirror of the ancient Gauls,—in one word, something like a restoration of the Western Empire. Ireland forms the very fountain of their hopes. Let England be but once engaged, as M. Thiers imagines will shortly prove the case, Spain, and even Portugal, will perceive too late, that the Pyrenees and Tagus must render homage to Paris on the Seine. In another quarter, the Catholic provinces of Prussia are already anxious enough to have the Rhine for the eastern boundary of that leviathan kingdom; which will absorb the Netherlands and Holland, as has been seen before. In Switzerland and Lombardy, it will encounter Austria, with all the recollections of Marengo and Austerlitz, the doubtful allegiance of Hungary and the upper

Danube, and the certain sympathies of Naples and Sicily in the work, to render Italy subsidiary to France, as in the days of Charlemagne. Her Algerine possessions will soon be augmented by Morocco and Tunis : and should the fortune of war ever induce unhappy Ireland to follow in the wake of Gallican interests, as Scotland formerly did, once again will the world be amazed at a sovereignty, all paramount from the Elbe to Mount Atlas ! Then will it be with political Titans, that Great Britain must struggle for her colonial dominions, if not for her independence and existence. Some of our readers may consider this fearful vision of the future as a mere ‘ baseless fabric :’ but surely it is the part of wisdom to look out as far ahead as possible ; and at all events to avoid a line of domestic policy, which is certain to embarrass us at home, and which may plunge us into a tremendous contest abroad. If we can conciliate the sister island, we remain an united empire, with Canada, Australia, India, and a constellation of lesser colonies, as our brilliant satellites : our home population will soon reach thirty millions ; whilst in commerce, opulence, growth of liberty, enlarged benevolence towards all nations, amount of marine, general intelligence, and social civilization, there is no power equal with us. But if bigotry and monopoly are still to hamper all our efforts, if an aristocracy with its kindred hierarchy must still be suffered to dictate to the crown, and delude, mock, or keep down the people,—then will the demon of discord work its perfect work, and the glory of Great Britain decline. We are not amongst those, who conceive that such is about really to be our punishment. The prospects before our beloved land may not be, and in truth are not at present, exactly what we could wish : but we place confidence in our middle classes,—in the notorious sound-heartedness of the British character,—in the immense multitudes, who read, think, and reason, as compared with former times,—in the vast enlargement of the religious, and the development of the intellectual mind,—in the growth of temperance, and general detestation of war or violence,—and above all things, in that, without which all beside can be of slight comparative value,—the universal diffusion of the Scriptures, and the benediction of an Omnipotent Providence.



## Brief Notices.

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*Protestantism Endangered, or Scriptural Contention for the Faith, as opposed to Puseyism and Romanism, explained and enforced.* By a Bishop of the Church of Christ. London: Ward. 1843.

Although volumes large and small on the religious question of these times come very numerous to our hands, containing various matters worthy of approval and comment, we cheerfully find space to recommend the unpretending little volume at the head of this notice. It is short, but much to the point; cheap, but valuable, and adapted for extensive usefulness.

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*Progressive Education or Considerations on the Course of Life. Translated from the French of Madame Necker de Saussure.* Vol. 3. London: Longman.

We are glad to welcome a third volume, in addition to two highly interesting and useful ones that have already appeared. This may indeed be considered a distinct work, entitled, 'Observations on the Life of Women.' Our fair readers will perhaps think, not altogether without reason, that it assigns too lofty a supremacy to the self-styled lords of the creation. Notwithstanding this, and possibly with greater satisfaction, we commend it to the attention of the ladies.

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*Amy Herbert.* By a Lady. Edited by the Rev. Wm. Sewell. 2 vols. Longman.

These two pretty little volumes contain much amusing narrative, and much excellent moral instruction. The religious portion is, however, strongly characterized by Tractarian theology; and the little girl is taught that she must be good, because the font and the sign of the cross constituted her 'an heir of everlasting happiness.' Not the least important part of the book is the preface, the 'imprimatur' rather of the reverend editor, in which he states that he has 'undertaken to revise the publication, under the impression that books intended for the young should be as much as possible *superintended by some clergyman*, who may be responsible for their principles!' We wish the reverend body joy of their new undertaking; and shall shortly expect to see 'Little Red Riding Hood,' with *variorum* notes, published at the University press; or the 'House that Jack Built,' carefully revised and furnished with a set of new orthodox plates, announced among the forthcoming works at Rivington's. Really have not the Tractarian clergy enough work on their hands without meddling with children's literature? But it shews the grasping and mischievous spirit of the party, and we trust will put Dissenters yet more on the watch against a sect that cannot even leave the Horn-book alone.

## Literary Intelligence.

### *Just Published.*

Contributions,—Biographical, Literary, and Philosophical,—to the Eclectic Review. By John Foster, author of *Essays on Decision of Character*. 2 vols.

The Pictorial History of England during the reign of George the Third: being a History of the People as well as of the Kingdom; illustrated with several hundred wood-cuts. By George L. Craik, and Charles Mac Farlane; assisted by other contributors. Vol. IV.

The Episcopal Church in Scotland, from the Reformation to the Revolution. By John Parker Lawson, M.A.

The Poems and Ballads of Schiller. Translated by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart.; with a brief sketch of Schiller's Life. 2 vols.

Modern Egypt and Thebes: being a description of Egypt; including the Information required for Travellers in that Country. By Sir Gardner Wilkinson, F.R.S., &c. With wood-cuts and a map. 2 vols.

Lay Lectures on Christian Faith and Practice. By John Bullar.

Agathonia—a Romance.

Fox's Book of Martyrs. Edited by the Rev. John Cumming, M.A. Parts XXXI, XXXII, XXXIII.

Lectures for these Times. By J. M. Cramp, A.M.

Conversations on Language for Children. By Mrs. Marcet.

Elements of Natural History; for the use of Schools and Young Persons. By Mrs. R. Lee, (formerly Mrs. T. E. Bowditch). With engravings.

Self-sacrifice, or the Chancellor's Chaplain. By the author of the 'Bishop's Daughter.'

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt. A New Edition.

Sacred Meditations, or an Exegetical, Critical, and Doctrinal Commentary, on the Gospel of St. John. By Charles Christian Tittman, D.D. With additional notes. Translated from the Latin by James Young. Vol. I.

The Church; a Comprehensive View of the Doctrines, Constitution, Government, and Ordinances, of the Church, and of the leading Denominations into which it is divided. By Rev. Daniel Dewar, D.D. LL.D., Aberdeen. Parts VI. and VII.

A Series of Compositions from the Liturgy. By John Bell, Sculptor. No. VI.

The Discovery of the Science of Languages, in which are shown the Real Nature of the Parts of Speech, the Meanings which all Words carry in themselves as their own definitions, and the Origin of Words, Letters, Figures, &c. By Morgan Kavanagh. 2 vols.

Essays on the Pursuit of Truth, and on the Progress of Knowledge. By Samuel Bailey. Second edition, revised and enlarged.

Researches on Light; an Examination of all the Phenomena connected with the Chemical and Molecular Changes produced by the influence of the Solar Rays, embracing all the known Photographic Processes and New Discoveries in the Art. By Robert Hunt.

Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology. Edited by W. Smith, LL.D. Part II.

Memoir and Remains of Rev. Robert Murray M'Cheyne, Minister of St. Peter's Church, Dundee. By Rev. A. Bonar; Collace. 2 vols.

Lectures on the World before the Flood. By Rev. Charles Burton, LL.D. F.L.S., Manchester.

Historical Memoir of a Mission to the Court of Vienna, in 1806. By the Right Hon. Sir Robert Adair, G.C.B. With a Selection from his Despatches, published by permission of the proper authorities.